ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS!—See Announcement, page 13.

JOHN BULL

VOL. XXII. No. 604. | SATURDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1917. | ONE PENNY.

[Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

1322502

Edited by HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

EXCELDA HANDKERCHIEFS

X SOLD EVERYWHERE.

COST LITTLE.

EXCELDA LABEL ON EVERY HANDKERCHIEF.

LIGHT AND DAINTY.

DEPENDABLE QUALITY.

ASK FOR EXCELDA SOFT COLLARS, FRONTS, SHIRTS.

Bissell & Sons, Luton.

GOD FORGIVE RUSSIA

BY

HORATIO BOTTOMLEY

Why put it off?

That little home you've set your heart on—why not go to the "Midland" and furnish it to-day? Very little furniture is now being made; but at the "Midland" you still get over £100,000 worth of beautiful furniture to select from: at the "Midland" the prices still give you the utmost possible value for every shilling you spend.

Money buys more at the "Midland."

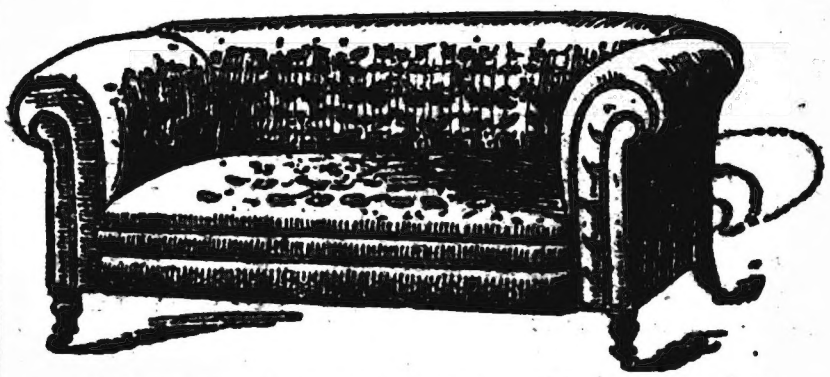
Nowhere else can you get the benefit of the "Midland" Ideal Terms, which enable you to choose at your leisure and to pay at your convenience, out of income, without touching your War Loan investments.

The "Midland" charge no interest, no extras whatever. If you avail yourself of the Ideal Terms you get Free Fire, Life, and Air Raid Insurance; if you prefer to pay in cash or War Bonds, you get 10% discount. Either way, it always pays to furnish at the "Midland"—and the sooner the better

Ideal Terms
(Town or Country).

Worth.		Per Month.
£10	£20	5 6
£20	£30	11 0
£30	£40	16 6
£40	£50	2 0
£50	£100	7 6
£100	£200	15 0
£200	£500	10 0

Larger amounts pro rata.



Well-upholstered Chesterfield Settee, with or without drop ends as desired. Thoroughly well sprung and covered with various shades of art tapestry. £8 18s. 6d.

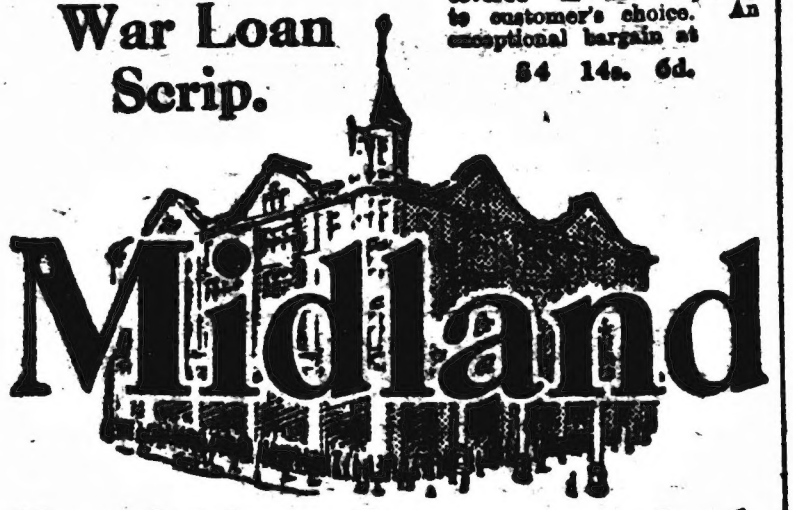
An exceedingly comfortable Easy Chair, double sprung, sumptuously upholstered and covered in art tapestry to customer's choice. An exceptional bargain at £4 14s. 6d.

10% Discount for Cash and War Loan Scrip.

Rail Fares Paid.
Customers' fares to town paid on all orders of £20 and over.

Country Orders
packed free of charge and forwarded carriage paid. Orders by post carefully and personally dealt with by a Special Manager.

At the 'Midland' customers can obtain Free Life, Fire, Zeppelin and Bombardment Insurance.



Furnishing Company, Ltd.,
Contractors to H.M. Crown Agents for the Colonies,
15 to 23, Southampton Row, Holborn, W.C.
Seven doors from Holborn and Holborn Tube Station,
1 minute from British Museum Tube Station.
Hours—9 till 8. Saturdays—9 till 1

TO ALL "SUBJECT TO" RHEUMATISM

GOUT, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO,

NEURITIS, AND NEURALGIA.

A 12-Hour and a 24-Hour Test.

Under our Flag of Freedom there are hundreds of thousands who are slaves. One may hear them say they are "subject to Rheumatism," or to Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia or Gravel.

The older the sufferer the less hopeful is he or she of finding a cure. They surrender to their slavery, even while thousands are freeing themselves from the crippling chains of Rheumatism, etc., by calling to their aid the wonderful prescription of a well-known West End consulting specialist in just those ailments from which they suffer.

A FAMOUS PHYSICIAN'S DISCOVERY.

This famous physician, after years of practice, discovered the antidote to Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Lumbago, Neuritis, Neuralgia, and Gravel. His patients one and all rejoiced at a discovery which freed them from their slavery to aches and pains.

Only after learning that the discovery was the long-searched-for means of relief and cure for the troubles mentioned was it decided to offer to the public the prescription all ready made up—and at a popular price which would bring it within the reach of every sufferer.

Such is the simple story of th remedy now available to every sufferer from the troubles mention d. Such is the story that should encourage every sufferer to try "Urillac."

MAKE THIS TEST TO-MORROW.

Get a 1/3 or 3/- supply of "Urillac" Tablets to-day. Take a dose to-night, and try moving that stiff hand or joint to-morrow. Even in cases of long-standing stiffness and distortion of the fingers there will be a considerable improvement of movement. Then try again the second morning. Still more improvement. And all the time the dull ache or grinding or stabbing pain will be growing less and less.

Just the same improvement if you suffer from Sciatica or Lumbago. You will be able to "straighten up" with little or no pain or stiffness on the second or third morning after taking "Urillac" according to the "Directions" on each supply.

The excruciating pain of Neuritis, Neuralgia, and Gravel also die down quickly as the reward of taking "Urillac."

QUICK RELIEF AND RAPID CURE.

The quick relief and rapid progress towards cure of **all Uric Acid and Chalk troubles** under the simple and inexpensive "Urillac" Home Treatment must be experienced to be believed. For "Urillac" is Nature's own supplied **solvent** for crystal and chalk formations. Once dissolved, both Uric Acid and Chalk pass out of the system, leaving the body freed from bondage to stiffness, soreness and swelling, and free, too, from the aches and pains that their presence means.

URILLAC

The Physician's Prescription Remedy for

RHEUMATISM NEURALGIA GOUT NEURITIS
SCIATICA GRAVEL LUMBAGO TOOTHACHE

"Urillac" is supplied in handy portable tablet form by Boots Cash Chemists, Parke's, Timothy White's, Taylor's Drug Co., Ltd., and all Chemists and Stores, at 1/3 and 3/-, or post free from THE URILLAC COMPANY, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.

Spinet
The SUPER CIGARETTE

Fine Old Virginia Oval. Cork-tipped.

1/2 for 20
Also in boxes of 50 & 100

For the Pipe
Spinet
1/7 to 2/- Mixture

R & J HILL LTD LONDON

FOOD ECONOMY
NATIONAL SAFETY

1,000,000 loaves lost every week

The *nourishment* of about 1,000,000 Loaves is lost every week by the people of Great Britain because the body fails to extract much of the nourishment from food. It is here that Bovril helps in National Food Economy. Bovril stops waste by making your food feed you more. You can eat less and still be assured of being nourished if you take Bovril.

Here is a striking confirmation of the well-known body-building food-saving powers of Bovril.

"The addition of a small teaspoonful of Bovril to the diet as a peptogenic before meals leads to more thorough digestion and assimilation and thus saves food.

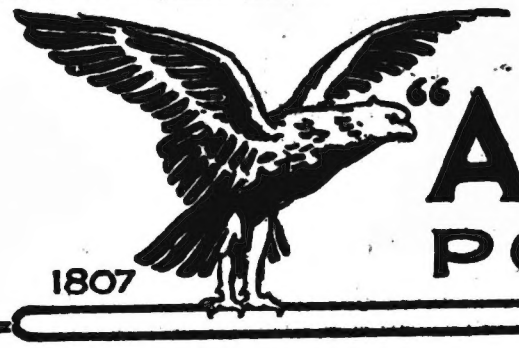
"The diet may be then cut down from 1/4 to 1/5 and the body still be adequately nourished."

—Medical Times.

From the Review "Peptogenics in Relation to Food Economy," by Dr. J. Campbell, while Food Expert to the Metropolitan Campaign for Food Economy.

Adopt this simple way of saving the nation's food. Take a cup of Bovril as soup with meals or use Bovril in the kitchen in your cookery.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.



The "ALL-IN" POLICY

IS THE PROTECTOR OF YOUR HOME.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR FULL PARTICULARS OF THE

"ALL-IN POLICY,"

which covers practically every insurable risk to which the contents of the home is liable.

FOR HOUSEHOLDERS COVERS CONTENTS AT 5/- per £100

AGAINST LOSS FROM

Fire—Loss of Rent—Burglary—Housebreaking—Larceny and Theft—Employers' Liability (Injuries to Servants, including casual labour)—Bursting of Water-pipes and apparatus following Frost—Storm, Flood or Tempest—Explosion of Gas or of Domestic Boilers—Mirror Breakage—Lightning—Public Liability—Linen at Laundry—Thunderbolt—Subterranean Fire—Earthquake—Riots—Strikes Insurrection—Civil Commotion—Effects Removed while on Holiday or in Store—Effects of Family, Guests and Servants—Cash and or Bank Notes up to £25. Can be combined with the House-owners' "All-in Policy."

The House-owners' Policy covers the building for 1/6 per £100.

ONE POLICY. ONE PREMIUM. ONE PAYMENT.

The EAGLE, STAR and BRITISH DOMINIONS INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.

"ALL-IN POLICY" DEPT., 3, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.2.
Head Office: Royal Exchange Avenue, E.C.3.
Branches and Agents throughout the Kingdom.

ASSETS EXCEED £12,000,000.

ALARMING EPIDEMIC OF HAIR TROUBLES

Remarkable Evidence Proves War Conditions Responsible.

1,000,000 "HAIR-HEALTH" PARCELS FREE.

REMARKABLE interest has been aroused by the ever-increasing number of cases of hair troubles reported from all over Great Britain, and more especially in the great munition-making centres.

Thousands of men and women are finding Hair Poverty, Premature Baldness and Loss of Colour troubling them to-day as never before.

Is war-work responsible for all this? Actually in many cases it is.

How the Hair is being Poisoned.

The Discoverer Inventor of the well-known "Harlene" and the popular "Harlene Hair-Drill," when his opinion was sought, had much of interest to impart.

"There is certainly a great increase lately in all kinds of hair troubles," he said. "But this is chiefly due to the fact that many people do not realise how simple a task it is to make their hair wonderfully bright and healthy. In the great munition centres I have heard of extraordinary cases of hair troubles, but there are hundreds of thousands more also who are suffering from hair weakness which could so speedily be remedied if they would only accept the Free Gift I am prepared to offer. I am willing to send to the first million people who write for it a parcel containing all the necessary materials for a seven days' practice of hair health and beauty cultivation, free of all charge."

Thin, Weak, Discoloured, Brittle, Greasy, Splitting or Falling Hair robs a man or woman of even the semblance of youth. Those, therefore, who are among the many thousands just now whose hair is deteriorating in quality or quantity should immediately take advantage of the special Four-fold Free Gift for the Hair announced to-day.

At the time when men and women are all concentrated on war-work, never has the great "Harlene Hair-Drill" exercise proved so universally triumphant. If you are worried as to your hair-health, send for the special four-fold gift offered you here.

This is your Hair-Health Gift:

1. **A bottle of "Harlene," the true liquid food and natural tonic for the hair, which stimulates it to new growth.**
2. **A packet of the marvellous hair and scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, which prepares the head for "Hair-Drill."**
3. **A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, especially beneficial to those whose scalp is "dry."**
4. **A copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual.**

Prove the wonderful merits of "Harlene" for yourself without cost. The gifts referred to above will be sent you immediately you post the coupon below.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain supplies of "Harlene" from your chemist at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d., or 4s. 9d. per bottle. (In solidified form for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, etc., 3s. 9d. per tin, with full directions.) "Uzon" Brilliantine costs 1s. and 2s. 6d. per bottle, and "Cremex" Shampoo 1s. 1½d. per box of seven shampoos single packets 2d. each).

Any or all of the preparations will be sent post free on receipt of price direct from Edwards' Harlene Limited, 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1. Carriage extra on foreign orders. Cheques and P.O.'s should be crossed.

FREE "HARLENE" GIFT COUPON.

Cut out and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE Ltd., 20, 22, 24 and 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London W.C.1.

Dear Sirs—Please send me your Free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

NOTE TO READER:

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it and post as directed above. Mark envelope "Sample Dept."

JOHN BULL—29/12/17.

The Advertisement Guarantee is on page 15.

JOHN BULL

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

Politics without Party—Criticism without Cant:
Without Fear or Favour, Rancour or Rant.

Vol. XXII. No. 604. Week ending Saturday, December 29th, 1917. One Penny.

"THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND THE—*KAISER.*"

[*The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.*]

1918 !!!

As with Christmas, so with the New Year. What *can* be said, except that it finds the world still raving mad—be the outcome, or the purpose, what it may? True, the air is thick with Peace rumours, and none can say what a week, or even a day, may bring forth. Perhaps, after all, the time fixed by Revelations for the end of the war may prove to be correct. And in that case we *may* wish you, one and all, a Happy New Year!

Ireland:

The New Year opens with a gloomy outlook; the Irish "problem" is insoluble—except in one way. That way, when all else fails, we shall venture to disclose.

Italy.

Is it true that no English newspapers are allowed in Italy? And, if so, by whose direction?

Interned Ships.

We hope the Government is making all possible use of interned German ships. We "guess" Uncle Sam is!

Babtie Back.

So Surgeon-General Babtie is *not* "still tampering with the health of our troops in Italy"—thanks to our exposure. Isn't it abominable that not a single M.P. could be found with guts enough to call attention to the matter?

A Lunacy Expert.

The Rev. Charles Matthews, Vicar of St. Peter the Apostle, Isle of Thanet, cannot understand how it is that we have "a marvellous faculty for retaining the faith of apparently sane people." That really explains it.

"The Biter Bit."

A good story reaches us, to the effect that Sir Arthur Yapp dined at a public restaurant recently, and, selecting Irish stew, and being recognised, found that his portion consisted entirely of potatoes, gravy, and a few bones! That *chef* was a wag.

Another Wag.

When we called at the Ministry of Food the other day we noticed a van delivering a million handbills to Sir Arthur Yapp. The van displayed an advertisement for "Darnley Mills Toilet Rolls"! There's a wag at the Stationery Office, also!

Yapp's "Contract."

By the way, what is the exact nature of the arrangement between Sir Arthur Yapp and the Food Controller? Why does the Department always speak of his "contract" and his "engagement"?

A Double Turn.

Amongst the Christmas entertainments, did you notice that double turn of the Brothers Chamberlain—"Why we resigned"?

Food Economy.

We beg to ask what was the cost of the first Food Economy Campaign—including the amount of printing material destroyed—and what is the cost, to date, of the second campaign.

Premium Bonds.

We *think* they are coming. What asses we are to have ignored this wonderful source of revenue so long! But we have no faith in the present Committee—which has been consulting "clergymen and other ministers of religion"!

A Grave Offence.

Elsewhere we direct the attention of the Public Prosecutor to the serious breach of the law on the part of Mrs. Lloyd George, in conducting a draw for prizes in a lottery. How *can* we expect to win the war with such wickedness going on at home?

Britain's Real King.

We have been favoured with a printed genealogical table, showing the descent from James VI. of Scotland and First of England, through Charles I. and Elizabeth, of Prince Rupprecht and King George respectively—"conclusively proving that Rupprecht is King"! We prefer George!

"The Old Cock."

This from the mother of a boy at the Front: "I did not tell you that I saw Horatio Bottomley when he came over. He certainly took the risk for a short time, for he came right up to where we were wiring and trenching. The old cock did not stay too long; still he was game, and came near enough to shake hands—and not watch us with a pair of binoculars, as so many do." Sorry we couldn't stop longer—we were in a hurry to get into the firing line.

In the Balkans.

Thus the *Balkan News:*

Horatio's been to France and seen
The War will soon be o'er;
He's heard the din of battle,
Aye, he's heard the big guns roar.
He waded through the trenches
Knee deep in mud and slush,
And has headed all his articles:
"Somewhere in—" (Editor: "Hush!")

The Balkans must be hard up for news.

You can't afford to wait. Insure now under our Free Offer against the Gothas' next visit.
See page iii of Cover.

A Bar of Chocolate.

From a gentleman in County Cork, to a chocolate mer chant: "I am in Ireland, so do not want any boxes with Royalty o . Any other picture but them will do, as the people over here are not like-those in your country." You cannot judge cigars by the picture on the box—but Ireland, it seems, will not chew chocolates with "Royality" on the lid.

Poor Ratepayers!

In addition to a handsome pension, the retiring City Treasurer of Birmingham is to receive a grant of £600 "as Consultant for one year"—the idea being, apparently, that in his spare time he should show the ropes to his successor. Thus the total income of the superannuated officer will be rather higher than his salary when in harness. Evidently the Birmingham Treasury has been copying the example of the spendthrifts of Whitehall.

School Snobbery.

This was written by the Secretary of the Malvern Girls' College:—"I am extremely sorry to say that we should not be able to offer you a vacancy for your daughter, as we are unable to receive pupils whose parents are in any way connected with retail trade." The girl's father, besides being a business man, is an Alderman and J.P., and has been Mayor of his native town. We hope he will find a school where his daughter will mix with ladies.

Labels Again.

Apparently the only limit to increase of prices in some shops is the alleged Controller and the supply of high-figure labels. A wounded Territorial in Stoke War Hospital sends us the covering of "King Attalus' Treble Thick Parchment Writing Tablet," which he bought at a local shop. The original price was 6½d. Over this is stuck a 1s. label, and this is the price he paid; yet next week somebody or other is sure to write and tell us that the allegation is a wanton whopper.

Anonymous Pacifists.

During the last few weeks a large number of anonymous letters from alleged soldiers have reached us. All of them have the familiar pacifist touch. A single extract will serve for all: "It is all very fine to say we ought to regard the name German as loathsome, but the poor German soldier is only fighting for his native land, and why should he not?" Though this is signed "A British Tommy," we are not so very certain about it. Our suspicion is that he is a relative of Bolo Pasha.

The Garden on Sunday.

Sunday work in the garden is still a bugbear to some ultra-goody-folk with eyes blinded to r at onal needs. "R. O. Rodwell," of Horsted Keynes, Sussex, wrote to a proposed tenant that she is much interested in that village, and "should not like a tenant who regards Sunday as an ordinary day and would wish to work in his garden." Let us hope the lady's interest in the village does not take the form of stopping the villagers from Sunday labour which is, these days, devout work.

Conscript the Land.

It is sheer nonsense for Mr. Munro to inform the House of Commons the other day that "it has been found impossible to obtain land in Scotland to settle discharged service men under the provisions of the Small Holdings Act." On both sides of the Border there is an abundance of good land crying out for cultivation, and if there is no other means of satisfying the requirements of discharged soldiers and sailors, it must be compulsorily acquired—always assuming that the land is the thing in this case.

The Collection.

In passing round the plate, Dr. Orchard, Minister at King's Weighhouse Church, wants a novel collection from the congregation. Convinced that some of them have more sugar and tea than they need, he suggests they should hand it in for the benefit of the poor. A good idea. But think of a pious congregation hoarding while the police have no clue.

The Needed Ash.

Ash wood being greatly needed for aeroplanes, it is disconcerting to learn of its waste in Kent, where an estate owner is cutting down ash trees and having them sawn into sleepers for a model railway in his grounds. It seems an excellent opportunity for this gentleman gracefully to hand over to the nation the wood already felled and cut up.

Robbing the Postwomen.

The Postwomen of the City of London are wondering if they will get their Christmas box this year. Last year they didn't. Many of the postmen who went round said that postmen and postwomen would share alike. Much money was given in that belief. But, if any girls got something, we know of a vast number of cases where they got nothing. In the Metropolitan area, we understand, the girls were more justly treated, which makes the position of the City the more absurd.

Brewer on the Brew.

Undoubtedly it is true, as Mr. L. E. Walker, Chairman of Ind, Coope and Co., has been telling his shareholders, that "the brewing trade is in a far stronger position to-day than it has been for a long time." It's an ill war that blows nobody good; but what worries the British beer consumer is that, while the brewers are collecting the high prices, he is getting none of the strength.

Still Blind to Duty.

Not a patriotic body are the Governors of Llandudno County School, while its Headmaster seems fit company for them. A proposal to form a Cadet Corps was rejected—one of the r asons being that it might foster a military spirit! The Headmaster said some of them were heartily sick of volunteering, and that two of his teachers preferred to train Cadets, and so chose the lesser of "two evils." Altogether, the debate was a sad proof how disgracefully some public bodies depart from the path of national duty.

Matchless.

This is the worry and the woe of a tobacconist, of Southhall: "My small shop is suffering loss of trade because I have no matches. I still after one month cannot get matches. I told the Control that there were 1,000 wounded men in hospital with both legs or arms, or one leg or arm off, and if they would let me have matches I would let these poor boys have them at what they cost me. I cannot get them a box of matches; it hurts." If the Tobacco Control doesn't give this man matches so that it won't hurt, we shall have to talk to them in a harsh tone of voice.

A Poet Cometh.

A great many people probably won't believe it, but a poet hath risen in the land—to wit, "A Constant Reader, L.E." Starting about six inches from the top and missing three inches and a splash of tea from the bottom, we get this: "Get the guns a-going, boys, Split the Huns asunder, Then the world will shout and sing, Wilhelm's made a blunder. Keep the guns a-banging, boys, Let there be no lagging, Give the Huns a big surprise, And a damned good whacking." This divine afflatus is addressed "To the Boys of the Stars and Stripes." Let us hope it will encourage them.

The Ideal New Year's Gift—the "John Bull" Pen. See Coupon, page 13.

"The Better the Day——"

Seeing that Jerusalem was captured on a Sunday, we are lost in amazement that the Unco Guid have not arisen to denounce this as a shocking desecration of the Sabbath.

Queues and Queueing.

"These queues are a national disgrace," says a Woolwich woman. "Why can't the shops be kept open? They close earlier now than ever. One baby was suffocated, I hear, and a woman fainted. Is all this to work up advertisements for rival shops?" Not at all. The real reason is that the Food Uncontroller calculates that the more often people have to go into a queue the less they will eat.

A Gross Scandal.

That was a disgraceful decision of the Blackwood (Monmouthshire) Magistrates in the case of Richard Idris Jones, a member of the Bedwas Food Control Committee, charged with selling tea at an excessive price. Although there was clear proof of profiteering, the Bench declined to register a conviction, ordering the defendant merely to pay three guineas costs. After this episode, Mr. Idris Jones' continuance as a member of the Food Committee is, of course, unthinkable.

Charity's Reward.

Mr. Frank Bryan, of Garstang, promoted a concert on behalf of a hospital at Preston. He handed over £8 3s. 3d., the result, to the hospital, and "no dishonest intention was imputed"—indeed, we should hope not. Nevertheless, as he had no Permit to hold the concert, and though he only desired, as a citizen, to help fighting men, he was made to pay £1 for his breach of the War Charities Act. It is enough to make him promote a concert for his own benefit next time.

Man Power.

There are people who tell us oft in scornful numbers life is but an empty scream; and there are times when we almost believe it. One of them is now, when—with the whole Government shouting for more and more man-power till they are as red in the dial as boiled lobster—we find a skilled engineer complaining to the House of Commons Tribunal that, while he was offering his services to the R.F.C., he was collared by the Army and put on—plate washing! And still there are dismal Deans and others who want to persuade us that we shan't win this war.

Enemy Aliens.

Of two enemy aliens in the employment of the Central Agency, Limited, of Glasgow, who are the distributing agents for the Coats Thread Combine, one is a young Austrian who was actually released from internment to return to his job at Glasgow. In view of the fact that the Directorate of the Agency includes three naturalised Germans, this fondness for Huns is not altogether surprising, but it is hard to imagine what good reason there can have been for the release from internment of an Austrian subject of military age.

"The Bogus Vanderbilt."

What are the police doing in regard to "Frederick Washington Vanderbilt's" recent activities? We shall be glad to assist them. His early misdeeds we exposed over seven years ago. Our present information is that he has been endeavouring to obtain enormous sums of money on the strength of his alleged membership of the American millionaire family, some of his ruses being particularly audacious, the names of the most wealthy of the nobility being freely used. All has, however, been fish which came to his net, landladies and tradesmen not being disdained.

Baron Jacques.

Baron Jacques Elie de Menasce, banker, Austro-Hungarian subject, can still sell up Egyptian subjects in Cairo. Funny things we British allow after three years of war!

Nimble Sixpence.

A Bridlington newspaper announces that last week a farmer lent his staff to another farmer for two days' thrashing, and he "felt so obliged for the help that he gave them the noble sum of sixpence each." These be prosperous days for agriculturists, so that there is no doubt he could spare it.

Unjust Differentiation.

It's a bit thick that German women married to Englishmen should have the run of the house, and Englishwomen—like Ethel Dahns, of St. John Street, Winchester—married to Germans, and long since deserted by them, should be treated as alien enemies. Have the authorities no sense? Can't they discriminate?

Price One Penny.

A feminine worker at an aeroplane factory in Coventry complains of the doctoring thereat. She says that if a girl is laid up at the hostel "she has to pay 1d. for a pill, or so much for castor-oil or salts, and never knows what a good bottle of medicine means." The lady has our sympathy. Medicine is not much in our line, but when we get it we do like it good.

Still Joy-Riding.

There is an Order that motors must not be used for pleasure. The other afternoon 21 private cars were waiting in Albemarle Street. Not one had a driver or occupant in khaki, only one had a coal-gas attachment, and there was no appearance of war-work about any of them. And they could not all be going to the railway station while hanging around off Piccadilly.

The Irish Trouble.

As far as possible, we have refrained from censuring the exuberance of Sinn Fein oratory, but the incendiary utterances of Madame Markievicz are a long way beyond the limit, putting even the rhetoric of Eamon de Valera in the shade. Without a shadow of doubt, there is big trouble brewing in Ireland, which the long-winded deliberation of the Convention will do nothing to avert. Our rulers should have learned by this time that it is hopeless to invite a section of the Irish people to govern the rest.

A Fair Demand.

Following the Coventry strike, the Engineering Employers' Federation have decided to recognise the right of the "Shop Stewards" to represent the men in the course of industrial negotiations. For the avoidance of further disturbances and in the interest of war output, we are inclined to hope that such recognition may become general. Once the principle of collective bargaining is established, the right of workers to choose their own spokesmen without interference from the employers seems to follow as a matter of course.

The New Bishop.

Of course, the fat is in the fire over the nomination of Dr. Hensley Henson, as Bishop of Hereford. A man of such broad mind and with so wide a vision of Church unity that he preached from Nonconformist pulpits in order to further it, was not likely at such a new turning-point in his career to escape the attacks of those ecclesiastical intolerants and divisionalists who prefer the Tower of Babel to the Temple of Christian Brotherhood; hence, the resolution of "a number of Oxford clergy," praying the Dean and Chapter to refuse his nomination. So far as our layman's blessing goes, and for what it is worth, Dr. Hensley Henson has it.

Start the New Year well by winning a "Bullets" Prize. See page 16.

WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY.

GENERAL GARIBALDI, THE GREAT ANZAC—WHEN FRITZ FEELS THE BLIZZARD.

By A. G. Hales.

I MET General Garibaldi in his own lines, where he and his gallant men stood holding a section of the enemy at bay. The setting suited the man and the moment. Guns were roaring, shells from enemy batteries were whizzing over our heads and bursting between the Italian lines, rifles were snapping and machine guns tearing the occasional silence to tatters. Just behind us a squad of stretcher-bearers and surgeons stood in the doubtful shelter of what had once been an elegant chateau—waiting and watching, ready at a moment's notice to jump into any zone where shells might take toll of the Italian soldiery. The old elegant chateau looked like a man who had been to an Irish "wake" and brought back more bruises than benefits. A couple of shells had smashed right through a small upstanding tower—"guaranteeing ventilation," as the General remarked. He smiled at everything under the sun except slackness of discipline, this great-grandson of the famous patriot—but heaven help the man who is foolish enough to trade upon that pleasant smile and neglect his duty! "Come out of the row and talk," he said to me in English as good as my own, and he led me to an elevated spot in what formerly had been a very lovely garden. From that little elevation he could see everything, and his watchful eyes were never still. Every now and again he snapped a word or two to a waiting Orderly, and the soldier would go off at the jump; no one stops to make poetry when on an errand for General Garibaldi—the man who did would never get in motion again. He's strict and stern, and yet his officers and men love him; I could read it in their eyes, in the happy alacrity of their movements, in the way they try to anticipate his wishes. He has the great gift—the born leader's gift of mingling love and respect with proper dread.

On the Edge of the Alps.

I was watching an enemy battery at work, not very far away on the other side of a nearly dry river bed, and as there was nothing to prevent the Austrian Observation Officer from seeing *us* I glanced again at the big holes in the tower of the chateau and hoped fervently that the gunners would not extend their "ventilation" principle. "What part of England do you come from?" The General's voice was as casual as if there was not a gun our side of the Alps. "I'm Australian by birth"; I tried to make my answer as unconcerned as the query, but my eyes *would* keep turning in the direction of those infernal guns. "Is that so? Well, we'll shake hands again on that—for though I'm Italian, I was born in Melbourne City, where my father lived and worked as 'Robert Grant' when he was a political exile." As we gripped hands again—two Australians on the edge of the Alps, with soldiers busy all round us—I flashed a glance at him and took in his lean clean-cut figure, his well poised head, his cast-iron jaw, his steel trap mouth, his piercing eyes—and I knew him for an athlete and a man; just such a lion leader as the Anzacs would have loved to follow up the rugged face of grim Gallipoli. He was born to lead forlorn hopes, to do desperate deeds and to "fly high where only the eagle-breed can fly." Brain force and intuition are written all over him; he looks like an old Roman patrician, this descendant of the great popular leader, and he will live and die up to his looks. Italy can never be beaten whilst she can breed such leaders. He never shirks a fight, and has never been caught napping, for he is like a weasel. See that little clump of pines over yonder? Come, we will push between the nearest trees that sentinel the group—you can see nothing from the outside. Stoop under that shattered bough which an exploding shell has half torn from the parent-trunk—so. Now we are in. A dozen soldiers are squatting and sprawling round a little bivouac fire. A sporting group this, for most of them are holding cards in their hands, and in their mouths the majority carry the common cigar of the country—a thing that looks like a dry stick, and smokes with the blissful savour of a well-earned benediction. All the eyes turned on us are black or brown, the eyes of fighters and dreamers. There is a quick stare from all around the bivouac; their glances flash a welcome. Strangely white teeth show behind the smiles—they make room by the scanty fire with soldierly courtesy. I explain that I am loafing round to see things and cannot stay; the circle closes up again, and the card game goes on—so do I. Plunge down that miniature ravine with me until we blunder upon a cluster of small cosy tents, pitched craftily in the lee of a hill that keeps the biting cold wind away and will break the fall of the heavy snow, when it comes; it has broken the fall of many a projectile, as that scarred face of the rock plainly proclaims.

When Fritz Feels the Blizzard.

This, I need hardly tell you, is no picnic party nestling in the hills, but the sleeping places of stern men right in the lap of war, and there are multitudes of similar camps hidden away in the gullies. Push the flap of a tent aside and step in. Blankets are lying upon the rocky ground. Soldiers off duty are sleeping or resting; their rifles and kit constitute the whole of the contents of these domiciles for warriors. I kneel and place my hand upon the earth that so scantily covers the rock; it is as cold as a vault, for frost is in the air and soldiers' blankets are not bearskin rugs. But the men who are awake grin cheerily—such things are all in the day's work, and they take the rough with the smooth stoically; there is worse to follow when "General Frost" looses his imps in earnest—they know all about frozen feet and ears and fingers, these brave bonny boys and men, and they say gleefully that "Fritzy" will get his share of all that's going when the blizzards come. I enter another tent; a soldier is kneeling before a wooden crucifix, his head is bare, his hands are clasped. I lift my cap reverently and tip-toe out and leave the man alone with his God, whilst the booming guns punctuate his prayer. I know that kind of man will not be backward in battle. The wind in the ravine nearly takes my ears off; it is so cold that it seems to scald the skin. Yonder dug-out does not look so bad compared with the bleak sides of the canyon; it's just a cave hewn out of the rock, and it is packed with fighting men ready to march into the battle at a moment's notice. They are filling themselves with steaming soup, and only stop to pass along a jest or to laugh at some comrade's shaft of wit. I see but one sign on all these faces—the sign of imperishable resolution. It's getting time to swing a leg and make back to my own camp, for the night falls suddenly in the winter months, and with my imperfect Italian I don't want to run into a sentry in the dusk. I'd hate to be shot, even with the best intentions, for a Hun beast. I meet other correspondents—British, American, and Italian—all splendid men, doing great service to the world and doing it superbly; they are every inch as good as the old brigade, and in some respects better. One Rembrandt-like scene holds me in the gloom. Behind a hill that shelters them from the enemy, a company stand leaning upon their rifles—their bayonets are fixed; in a minute they will swing round the hill and be at work. Bivouac fires flash red spear-points of light that catch the bayonet's tip and edge—the warriors are drinking just one good draught of the red wine of the country. The wine sparkles like liquid rubies in the firelight flashes, and who knows what toasts are drunk in that last glass? God speed them!

Candid Communications.

This page is devoted to Open Letters to Celebrities, Notorieties, and, occasionally, Nonentities.

To Sir Chas. Mathews, Director of Public Prosecutions.

SIR,—Permit me to call your serious attention to a grave breach of the law on the part of an individual giving the name of Mrs. Lloyd George, in conspiracy with one Gordon Selfridge. These two persons, in open defiance of the Lottery Acts, recently conspired to commit, and did commit, the offence of conducting a draw for money prizes—thus becoming, as you are aware, Rogues and Vagabonds. No time should be lost in laying them by the heels, especially as I have reason to believe that they have powerful friends who may take steps to spirit them away—at Christmas!

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir Edward Carson, M.P.

DEAR SIR EDWARD,—Your suggestion that we should "bomb Hun businesses" by means of drastic commercial readjustments is one that will command almost universal assent, but I am anxious to know what the Government are doing within the limits of their existing powers. Especially I should welcome a definite statement of policy in regard to the vast accumulations of enemy property in this country, including the deposits in the hands of the Public Trustee, which must amount by now to close on £20,000,000. Personally, I see no valid reason why these stores of wealth should be locked up until the conclusion of the war, and as a preliminary, "bombardment" I would strongly suggest their immediate appropriation to war expenditure. What is your view?

JOHN BULL.

To the Very Rev. W. R. Inge, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's.

DEAR DISMAL ONE,—Cynic and pessimist you are and probably always will be, but surely patience and sufferance are alike exhausted when, with your privy purse well stuffed with the revenue of high spiritual office in the English Church, you choose this moment to acclaim before the English people the transcendant virtues of its arch-enemy as "the best governed country in the world." Leaving aside the abominations and inhumanity of the Germhuns during the war, what of their admitted yearly average record of 233 cases of murder, 873 of manslaughter, 125,386 of malicious wounding, 489 of incest, 648 unnatural crimes, 5,310 rapes and defilement of imbeciles and girls, 143,900 cases of white slavery and procuration, and 20,340 petitions for divorce? Your attitude towards your country in this struggle 'twixt Earth and Hell is at once an insolent challenge to patriotism, and an insufferable affront to public tolerance. Shall we appoint you Devil's Advocate?

JOHN BULL.

To Chester Jones, Esq., Stipendiary Magistrate, Lambeth.

SIR,—What you have said you *have* said, and you said it in mulcting two sinners in £35 and costs for "selling margarine above the fixed price." "In future," you declared, "all these profiteering cases are going to prison. Everybody—butcher, grocer, or butter seller—is going to prison after this week." Sir, you are *some* Cadi. Let justice be done though the profits fall, and you can call upon me for a war bonus.

JOHN BULL.

To the Right Hon. Sir George Cave, K.C., Home Secretary.

DEAR HOME SECRETARY,—I notice that the Court of Criminal Appeal has dismissed the appeal against his conviction of Fred Oswald Dry, an ex-soldier, who murdered his wife under provocation of her infidelity. As you are aware, the Court held they had no jurisdiction in the matter, and that the reconsideration of the sentence was entirely one for the Home Secretary. This being the case, as a matter of public concern, I feel bound especially to emphasise that Dry was recommended to mercy by the jury, and that 20,000 persons have signed a petition for his reprieve. It may be that while I write this letter you have advised His Majesty to give back to the man his life at the gate of death, but I felt that I should fail in my public duty if I did not endeavour to add in time one voice to the many thousands who on his behalf cry mercy to the King.

JOHN BULL.

To Mr. William Wiggan, Headmaster, Witley School, Guildford.

DEAR SCHOOLMASTER,—You are to be congratulated upon the fact that, when charged with an assault upon one of your pupils, you had the good luck to appear before a muddle-headed Bench. On the facts presented to them, the County Justices were "not satisfied that there was sufficient evidence to convict," although they thought you "had handled the boy more roughly than was necessary under the circumstances." Had this latter finding been the verdict of a jury it would in all likelihood have ensured your conviction; but, as it was, you went scot free—though punching on the back a child of ten who had been operated upon for tonsilitis a month previously is certainly not proper punishment. I strongly advise you to be more careful for the future.

JOHN BULL.

To Sir Edwin Cornwall, M.P., Chairman of National Health Insurance Commission.

DEAR SIR EDWIN,—Sorry if I offend you, but really I cannot swallow half you tell us about the beautiful working of the National Health Insurance Act. On the contrary, it is as clear as daylight that in several important directions the scheme has completely broken down, only the most niggardly administration having averted its utter collapse. In these circumstances, to talk about "an enormous and beneficent change woven into the fabric of the national life" is the hollowest of platform fudge. However, I see that you are contemplating "certain readjustments," so we will hope for the best.

JOHN BULL.

To Col. Sir Edward Ward, Chief Commissioner of the Special Constabulary

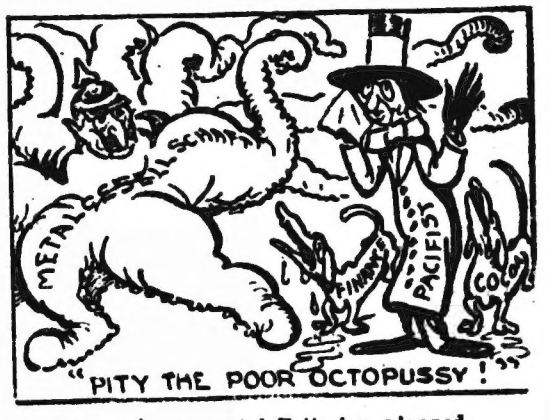
DEAR SIR,—What about the S.C.s' uniform? You know they were promised it would be supplied free. Are they being diddled? One man, who afterwards joined the Army, actually received the account for it, and a further peremptory letter, out in France. Come now! This won't do. You must put things right at once.

JOHN BULL.

"JOHN BULL'S" WEEKLY CINEMA.

The Land of Snows still shows she's strong,
To punish crime and right the wrong.

Though "My Lords" view her with dismay,
The woman yet will have her day.



To corner our metal Fritz has planned;
Despite the "pi.s'," we'll see him damned!

TO END TH

God Forgive Russia!—Why We Went to

By THE EDI

THE other day the Prime Minister sent Members of Parliament home with a review of the war situation in their ears. I hope that during their well-earned rest—I believe that is the correct phrase—some of them will read *my* review, which is also my New Year's Message. Put in a nutshell, we are in a devil of a mess—the inevitable outcome of the MESS, MUDDLE and MAKE-BELIEVE upon which we have been fed during the past twelve months. There is not an atom of doubt as to the final result—and it is coming much earlier than appears probable on the surface of things. It will also come with dramatic suddenness. Be the military situation what it may, Peace is everywhere in the air. Probably before these lines are read the Kaiser will have made an important pronouncement on the subject. Indeed, it was to open the door to such a move that the Prime Minister tabulated our war aims—you will doubtless have observed he forgot to mention the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. That, however, by the way. In a moment I will set out what I have reason to believe will be Germany's *first* definite offer. I emphasise that word because even our politicians, I trust, will not be so simple as to assume that the wily Hun will put all his cards on the table at the beginning of the game when the Peace Conference meets. First, however, let us see just where *we* stand.

Why *I* Went to War.

We will take the good news first. I whole heartedly endorse the Prime Minister's declaration that our victories at Baghdad and Jerusalem have added a prestige to the British Empire which, in itself, almost makes the war worth while. In the East, prestige means power, and power means trade and commerce, and the opening out of innumerable avenues for British labour and enterprise—and that is one of the things which *I*, at any rate, went to war for. Truth to tell, though feeling very indignant at Germany's violation of Belgian neutrality, if the Prime Minister says that that alone is why we went to war, I should scarcely have considered that her punishment could not have been adequately secured without the sacrifice of millions of human lives. (Incidentally, let me say that as Britain was one of the guarantors of Belgium's safety, we should have kept a sufficient British force available to co-operate at a moment's notice with France in repelling any invader; whilst, the violation having once taken place, I should have acted on the principle that two can play at the same game—but it is futile now to discuss how that could have been done.) And when Mr. Lloyd George tells us that "we" went to war for the honour of our plighted word, I reply—with the utmost respect—that that is all tosh. And, by the way, who are "we"? Did you and I go to war for any such cause? Speaking for myself, *I* went to war because I knew that Germany meant mischief to Britain. I remembered the Preamble of that first great Navy Bill of hers, in which she declared her intention to have a fleet so strong "that not even the greatest naval Power in the world" would dare to challenge its supremacy. *I* went to war because I knew that if Germany could crush France and get control of the Channel coast line, Britain would be her next objective. In other words, "we" went to war—that is, you and I, dear reader—to save our own skins. That is plain, blunt truth; and the sooner we drop all this canting, pharasaical piety, the better. Well, in the East we have done wonders—although I do *not* agree that in years to come the fall of Jerusalem will be talked about (except, possibly, in some revised version of the Bible) as the great outstanding feature of the war. Still, sentiment counts for much in this world, and out in the East, perhaps, the Premier's prediction may be correct.

God Forgive Russia!

It is when we come nearer home we have to face uglier facts. In the very early days of the war, when the quarrel was one between Austria and Servia only, I protested against the policy of shedding our blood for the benefit of a small Balkan State, whose past record did not constitute any claim upon our sacrifice. And in my anger at such a possibility, I issued the now historic poster, "To Hell With Servia!" But since then the Serbs, by their valour and fidelity, have wiped out all the past, and no word of disrespect towards them will ever again escape my lips. In the same way, I was no particular friend of Canada before the war; to-day, despite all my physical disadvantages, I will knock down the first man who says a word against the Dominion—especially after the result of the recent election. But when I contemplate the present chaotic situation, and realise the cause of all the trouble, I am disposed to say—To *Hell* With Russia! After all, it was mainly for her benefit that we went to war. We filled her arsenals with munitions and her coffers with gold; we offered her the glittering prize of Constantinople; and we gave her an opportunity, which may never come again, of shaking off the shackles of slavery and entering the family of free nations. She has repaid us by treachery and desertion. For many months I saw it coming, and I declared that she had ceased to be an Ally. On the other hand, the Prime Minister—misled by the Incompetents around him—was induced to tell us, not so many weeks ago, that the Revolution made Peace surer and secured a better "quality" of settlement for the Allies. As I said at the time, what *was* the good of sending men like Henderson, Thorne and O'Grady out to Russia to ascertain the true feeling of the people? Neither of them, I am sure, speaks Russian, and I doubt whether they know many words of French; consequently they were entirely in the hands of official interpreters, through whom they were fooled, by men of the Lenin type, to the top of their bent—with the result that, good, honest fellows as they are, they came home and told us that all was well and that the heart of Russia "was sound to the core" for the Allied cause. And all the time German gold and German propaganda were doing their work—whilst we were content to stand by, smugly

THE WAR.

to War—The Kaiser's Peace Terms.

EDITOR.

secure in our self-righteousness, silent under lies and insults because, forsooth, we knew that our intentions were pure, disinterested, and beyond suspicion—whilst all the time Germany was left free to sow the deadly seeds of doubt and suspicion in the minds of the simple people, and to corrupt their self-appointed leaders. It is a pitiable and a sordid tragedy, and if, in process of time, retribution and disaster finally overtake the land, no tears of sympathy will dim *my* eyes. Russia has had her opportunity and has thrown it away, and the outcome of the whole thing will be that she will exchange the comparatively mild rule of the Romanoffs for the blasting and brutal domination of the Hohenzollerns. When the day of Allied Victory arrives, she will have no seat at the Peace Conference, and no place in the League of Nations. On the other hand, Germany—foiled of her ambition for world-power, baulked of her dream of colonial empire and of Far Eastern expansion—will overrun the broad acres of Russia, whose people will then be subject to that *Kultur* which is symbolical of all that is savage, ruthless and debased in human nature. From to-day forward, we must wash our hands of this false Ally, leaving her, in the words of Mr. Lloyd George, to make her own peace. MAY GOD FORGIVE HER!

The Italian Disaster.

This, of course, has been the second contributory cause of the present situation, and here again it clearly is a case of German corruption. I have information which shows how persistently, whilst we slept peacefully, German agents were at work, spreading anti-Ally poison amongst the Italian people and the soldiers. "England is the enemy—she rejected the Pope's peace—she is out for conquest and territory—she is the foe of the Vatican"—that has been the cry. Happily, in this case, it is not too late to redress the evil. French and British troops have arrived, and, under the stimulating influence of their presence and their *moral*, the Italian Army is again finding its soul. If you entertain doubt upon this point, read the splendid articles which Mr. A. G. Hales is now sending over from the Italian Front. I have long given up prophecy, but who can doubt that the Kaiser is inviting a second Battle of the Marne? The winter snows may give him a respite from his fate, but personally I entertain no apprehension as to Italy's recovery. But, whilst looking at this portion of the world, one's heart is sickened at the contemplation of our folly and ineptitude in dealing with Greece. We have paid the price in the Balkans—but, to some extent, we are also paying it in Italy to-day.

The Western Front.

Of course, all these things have reacted upon the Western Front—where, had Haig not been denuded of many divisions of his best men, he might have struck the final blow before Germany could have got her forces back from the Russian Front. When I came home from France a few months ago and told you that in the West the war was won, and that it was the confident expectation of the High Command that Germany would be beaten by Christmas, all the politicians laughed. Now I find Mr. Churchill saying that, but for Russia, victory would have been ours ere this; and the Prime Minister telling the House of Commons that, but for the same cause, we should have had the enemy "beaten and humbled" by now. In view of all that has happened, however, it is very probable that Haig will have all his work cut out to keep his line intact until the Spring—when America should have a very large army in the field. I am not at liberty to say what I know as to the progress she is making in the direction of both Military and Naval assistance, but neither Lord Derby nor Sir Eric Geddes will dispute the assertion that she is acting up to her national reputation of Hustle and Push, and that, if the decisive actions on land and sea were to come to-day, her contribution to our strength would be no mean factor in the fight. Still, whether Germany takes the offensive or not during the next two months, you can safely pin your faith to Haig.

The Kaiser's Terms.

Germany, in fact, is not only ready, but feverishly anxious, for Peace. She is making a final demonstration, and quite legitimately taking advantage of our difficulties to impress the world with her strength, knowing that with her it is the case of "now or never." There is talk of the Kaiser making another peace overture. If he does, his language will doubtless be vague. But I think you may take it that, when we get to close quarters, the following will be the lines of his proposals: Evacuation of Belgium and Northern France; retention of Antwerp and Alsace-Lorraine; Constantinople to be left to arrangement between the Central Powers; no Indemnities; restoration of German Colonies; no immediate disarmament; an autonomous Poland; the new Russo-German Treaty to stand; an International Conference to discuss future relations, armaments, freedom of the seas, economic liberty, and other problems arising out of the war.

To End the War.

I hope there will be no parley on any such lines. The *only* way to end the war is to forthwith state *our* terms—in definite, non-diplomatic language—and leave the Kaiser to take or leave them; and, if necessary, fight till they are forced down his throat. No nonsense about polling the niggers of East Africa on the restoration of the lost Colonies—a course which would outrage the whole of South Africa. We might just as well talk of giving up Jerusalem and Baghdad! Stick to the Premier's old simile of the "knock-out blow." Meanwhile, let it be Haig and Robertson all the way. America will soon be in—and, with Italy striking again, who shall dare to doubt the power of the Allies to crush the Hun? The New Year is in their hands—as the New World is in ours. God knows, they are proving true to *their* trust—let us be true to ours. Peace is a pearl of great price; but it must not be purchased with an Empire's shame.

BLASPHEMY AND BUNKUM.

DISGRACEFUL METHODS OF A QUACK MEDICINE FIRM.

On their headed note-paper, crowded with advertising matter, the "My Sovereign" Pill Company—"Temporary Office: 91, Radcliffe Street, Liverpool"—are guilty in the first place of a flagrant breach of the ordinary canons of good taste by employing the figure of Christ as a pictorial trade device, it being apparently the aim of the Proprietors, Messrs. Charles McDougall and Thomas Sager, to further their squalid commercial operations by a crude assumption of piety. It is an ancient trick, but seldom has it been more shamelessly practised. On the business side, the "My Sovereign" Pill Company are the vendors of a Medical Chest, the contents of which are commended to a suffering public with a choice assortment of extravagant claims. Backache and Kidney troubles, Asthma, Bronchitis and Lung complaints are among the common ailments for which "My Sovereign" remedies are offered. Further, this precious Medical Chest contains a specific for the dread scourge of Cancer, and a means of relief for the Blind, the Deaf, and Dumb. It may be said, of course, that such flamboyant and ridiculous pretensions are too absurd to call for exposure, but unfortunately the despair engendered by long suffering is apt to breed an amazing credulity in such matters, and it is an undoubted fact that many invalids have ruined themselves financially through the pursuit of quack remedies—an additional danger to those mentally weakened by suffering being the "leaflets" advertised by the Pill Company; one is entitled "'Errors' and the Real Truth regarding 'Christ' and his teaching *as Revealed to me by Himself*"! For these reasons we cannot too strongly denounce the methods of the "My Sovereign" Pill Company, which for sheer unscrupulousness are in a shameful category of their own. Added to their brazen charlatancy, is an impudent appeal for "donations" to "enable us to carry on our Great Mission of Mental and Physical Reform"—an attempt evidently to rake in the money of cranks and fools. The Radcliffe Street premises are held in the name of a Mr. Leo—who, when one of our representatives called, was "confined to his bed by a cold." Probably the cure of such a simple ailment is beneath the notice of people who can scoff at cancer—asthma being the least bronchial trouble of which they will take cognisance.

MUDDLING WITH MAN POWER.

GIRLS AND DISCHARGED SOLDIERS SCURVILY TREATED.

Many "patriotic" employers seem to think it's peace time already, and that they can treat old soldiers like dirt. We know that silver badge men are "not wanted" in many a factory where able-bodied young shirkers still dodge the firing line. We hear of cases like the following: A man discharged through ill-health is taken on as a clerk at one of His Majesty's prisons. At the end of six weeks' hard work he has to stop away two days owing to an attack of his old complaint—gastritis. The Governor writes to say that his place is filled. Only natural, of course! Who wants an old soldier? Let him get into the workhouse, and be hanged to him! You think it hard? You think that, when he has given his best to the country, the country should do its best for him? What nonsense! That's the way ex-soldiers always *are* treated, and places must be left for the young fellows who are exempt to do "work of national importance." But then there are the girls. Why are a swarm of girls who were collected from the ends of the earth—or at least from the limits of the Kingdom—and engaged for the period of the war—why are these girls sacked from a Willesden munition factory just before Christmas time? Why were they asked to put on extra pressure a few weeks ago, and then just dropped a few days before Christmas with the offer of a cheap ticket home? Some of these girls have been wounded in battle—yes! their daily work with poisonous stuff is battle as real as any—and some are scarred with the long-continued conflict. These things are hard to fathom; and as hard to fathom is the toy making at one of our principal aerodromes, because the Government won't give out more important work to do. It makes us wonder if the "big pots" know what sacrifices common people have made and are making to win the war, and if we shan't have to take the whole business into our own hands.

WILFUL MURDER AND WOEFUL WASTE.

OFFICIAL MUDDLE AND LOSS OF SHIPPING, SEAMEN, AND FOOD.

There is something almost as deadly as the "U" boat, and that is official stupidity. A refrigerated ship, carrying 4,000 tons of meat, in August last arrived in the Channel from South America. She was ordered across to Brest, anchored there for twenty-four hours, and was then ordered to Cherbourg. There she lay for three days, and was then ordered to Havre, where she unloaded. Next trip she came to England, waited for orders five days at anchor near Cowes, was sent to France with an escort, and anchored outside the Havre breakwater. There were no fewer than 67 ships in the harbour waiting for orders! Thirty-six hours after arrival an examination-boat came out to ask the name of the ship, nature of cargo, and whence and whither bound. During those five days' wait off England our Powers-that-be hadn't told the French Powers-that-be the ship was coming. That's the system, the glorious system it has taken three years to construct. This particular ship made five voyages a year before the war. *Now she makes three.* Certainly we want more tonnage, but we also want more brains in Government Departments. What's the use of talking about food economy when this scandalous waste of food is going on? What's the use of talking about the "U" boat menace when we are playing into the enemy's hands, murdering our own seamen? This thing must stop!

FRIGHTENED AND FROZEN.

RAILWAY COMPANY'S SCURVINESS ON RAID NIGHT.

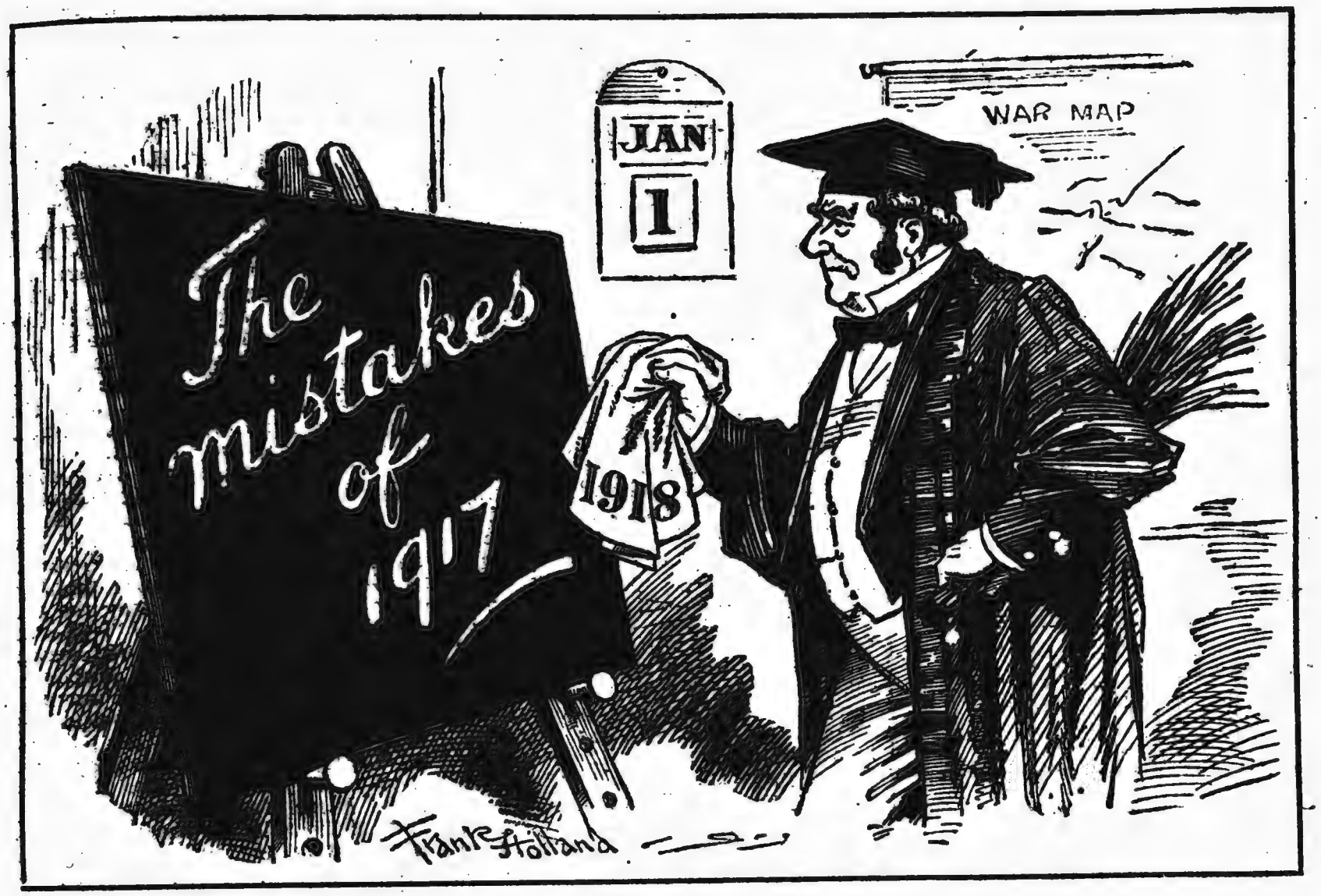
On that freezing night last week when the Gothas came, a nurse—after being hung up for 2½ hours in an unwarmed railway carriage—was landed at Clapham Junction at 12.45 a.m., too late for the last train to her home in Sutton. With another lady passenger, also unprotected, she sought the station officials, who first said that all that could be done would be to allow them to remain on the exposed, frost-bound platform all night. However, they were ultimately permitted to sit in total darkness, in an unheated waiting room—the porter stating that it was "more than he dared do" to re-light the fire. Thus they were left until about five in the morning, when the first train for Sutton started—both in a state of great physical and mental distress. It seems almost incredible that this callousness on the part of the railway people could have been shown upon such an occasion, and the L.B. & S.C.R. Directors should give instructions to their staff to be more generous in future in such cases.

AN UNJUST AWARD.

FIVE YEARS' DETENTION FOR A TRIFLING LAPSE.

Injustice is frequently involved in the hasty action of Magistrates, who often for quite trivial escapades sentence youthful offenders to long terms in reformatory institutions. A 14-years-boy, eager to join the Army, and the step-father refusing his consent, ran away from home, "borrowing" a workman's bicycle to make the journey to Bury St. Edmunds. However, before the lad came up for enlistment the theft was discovered, and an appearance before the Magistrates resulted in the culprit's committal to the Heswall Reformatory School, Birkenhead, there to be detained till he reaches the age of 19 years, the step-father being required out of his slender wages as a railway porter to contribute 2s. a week towards the boy's keep. As to the legality of this latter provision there is the gravest doubt, for under the Children Act it is the "parent" of, or the "person liable to maintain," a child who is to be called upon for such contribution; and our correspondent states that, as a matter of fact, he was never "liable to maintain" the boy, who from the date of his mother's re-marriage had earned his own living. Moreover, apart from this legal question, a sentence of five years' detention in a Reformatory School was a monstrous penalty for an offence which, after all, had its origin in nothing more depraved than a premature zeal for military service—there being, as far as we can gather, no previous complaint of any kind against the lad's behaviour. In all the circumstances, we strongly sympathise with our correspondent's protest, which certainly appears to rest upon just and reasonable ground.

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO JOHN.



A BOGUS CHARITY.

SPURIOUS APPEAL IN AID OF THE BLIND.

In view of the continued activities of the Blind Aid Society, of 233, Brixton Road, S.W., it may be well to recount the discreditable history of this bogus concern, founded by a rascal named Walter Blackburn, who had already been convicted in London in respect of an earlier "charity" swindle. The scheme of the Blind Aid Society was to solicit contributions from the charitable public for the assistance of the blind—and also, we believe, of the deaf and dumb—the true character of the project being sufficiently indicated by Blackburn's second conviction at Brighton for fraud, he being sentenced to six months' hard labour. However, according to our latest information, the Society is still going strong, its present ostensible aim being the care and comfort of soldiers and sailors blinded in the war. There is reason to believe that Blackburn is still connected with the Society—although, of course, his name no longer figures publicly; and certainly there is no warrant whatever for supposing that the concern is any more worthy of public confidence than when its founder first came into collision with the criminal law. Indeed, there has been very little variation in its methods, the usual plan being to send round a number of women canvassers with collection boxes, and circulars setting forth in maudlin terms the Society's bogus aims. A later and more offensive development is the issue of personal letters of appeal, the recipients apparently being elected from among the relatives of men killed in action. Here, again, stress is laid upon the alleged effort of the Society on behalf of blinded soldiers—with the result, in some instances, no doubt, of deflecting subscriptions from worthier channels. It would be interesting to know whether the Blind Aid Society has been registered under the War Charities Act—and, if not, what steps are being taken to bring the promoters to book.

"STRIPPING NAKED" FOR CHILDREN.

OFFICIAL ECONOMIST'S SCHEME TO RATION KIDDIES.

Mr. Lloyd George's recent oratorical flight, in which he declared that in order to beat the Hun we must "strip naked," seems to have been taken literally by Sir Arthur Yapp. The latest pronouncement of the Official Talker to the Food Control Department is about children's rations, and in it we read that "girls of 13-18 should receive not less than four-fifths of the rations for boys of the same age." And on top of that comes the admonition that "children and young persons should be weighed once a month, at the same period of the day, before a meal, and a record kept of their weight without clothes. If the weights are stationary or declining for the two consecutive weighings the allowance of food—" Picture to yourself a mother of six, every month at the same hour of the day, grabbing hold of the family one by one as they rush in like wolves for dinner, stripping 'em stark naked regardless of the weather, and flopping them on a weighing machine, and solemnly entering the record in a book kept for the purpose! At that rate the mothers of this remarkable country would have to engage a clerk of the scales to do the weighing and recording while they make the necessary mathematical calculations every time Matilda Jane, aged 14, came up for her meat ration, and Tommy, aged 15, waltzed in for a hunk of pie or pudding. But perhaps the cream of the joke lies in the fact that it is now impossible to buy such weighing machines. Otherwise, no doubt, directly they had read Sir Arthur's speech, the shopkeepers would have doubled or quadrupled their prices—and, after the appliances had all been sold at an enormous profit, a Controller of Weighing Machines would be appointed. Better be hungry than be mad—and, 'pon our word, all these Yapp stunts would be enough to drive half the mothers of Britain into Colney Hatch, if it would hold 'em. Dear, dear, oh dear!

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"ONLY A COMMON SOLDIER."

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It will be with feelings of profound dissatisfaction that the public will learn of the result of the Court Martial arising out of the death, in the agonising circumstances, already fully detailed in our columns, of Lance-Corporal Quinn, of the Royal Irish Rifles. No one is to blame! Poor Quinn, who was threatened and insulted because he dared to protest "Before God I am ill," was allowed to die under conditions which, in our view, reflect most seriously on the conduct of more than one of the doctors concerned. Yet by confining the Indictment to one only of these persons and by so framing the charge against him as to eliminate the graver aspects of the case, the Court, after "a few minutes'" consideration, announced the verdict of "Not Guilty." Consider for a moment the terms of the Indictment as compared with the facts adduced. The charge against Captain Robinson was that of "failing to do his duty on receiving a message from the railway station that one of the military patients was lying ill there." What is the true story? It has been represented by the doctors who were concerned with the last hours of the unfortunate man in the Hospital in Belfast that his was quite an ordinary case of gastritis, that no one could have been expected to diagnose it as that of the fatal illness of acute pancreaitis, and that this man, who in spite of his protests, was bundled off by train from Belfast to Londonderry as a "stand-up" case, received every possible care and consideration. Now the evidence flatly contradicts that view. First, as to the nature of his illness. It was not until the sworn Inquiry that we learned from Dr. W. A. Wadsworth that poor Quinn was not in his ward because the case was a trivial one, but *because there was no room for him.* This Doctor declared that from the history of the case—which, we may remark, must or should have been known to the different doctors concerned in the improper treatment of Quinn on the day of his death—he would not have taken the responsibility of sending him as a standing or sitting-up patient to Londonderry. But they did worse than that. Quinn protested that he was too ill to be moved. But three doctors—Civil Surgeon Eva M'Coll, Captain Duncan, and Captain Robinson—declared him fit to travel, and travel he had to—and to his grave—whether he liked it or not. After their joint decision the unhappy man was seen lying on a seat outside the main hospital. We quote the evidence of Sergeant H. Mabbott, of the Royal Irish Rifles, whose courage in giving his testimony is to be applauded:—"Deceased was rolling about and groaning, and appeared to be in great pain. His tunic was open, and he was rubbing his stomach. *There were beads of perspiration on his forehead.* Captain Robinson came by and spoke to the deceased. He said, 'Are you here, Quinn'—or words to that effect—'still rolling about and still hanging on? Get up and dress yourself or I'll have you put in clink.'" That was as brutal and callous a threat as could be offered to a fellow-creature in the agonies of imminent death. Was Mabbott telling the truth? "You are not, of course," asked the President of the Court at the sworn Inquiry, "prepared definitely to deny the evidence of Sergeant Mabbott?" Captain Robinson: "I have no recollection of having made it." The President: "In a matter of this sort it seems to me that you might either definitely deny it or affirm it, but the question of having no recollection does not assist us very much." But Robinson might have been over-hasty, and may have thought in his superior medical wisdom that the suffering man was shamming. Regard then his subsequent conduct. It shows how consistent and unswerving he was in his attitude. When Quinn reached the railway station at Belfast he was in such agonising pain that he lay on the floor of the buffet, where kind women tried to bring him comfort. The Railway Transport Officer, seeing Quinn's terrible condition, rang up the hospital for an ambulance to take him back to his bed. Robinson answered the 'phone, and the reply was he was "fit to travel"—fit! No medical aid was given and Quinn who was in death throes, succumbed in the train. There is a great deal we might say in this case, and if we refrain it is only because we are anxious not to add fuel to the fires of indignation which we know are flaming up among a wide circle of persons in Belfast who deeply resent this treatment of a man who wore His Majesty's uniform Callousness and indifference have received not even a word of public and official censure!

PRINTER'S PIE.

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published under this heading. Envelopes must be marked "Pie.")

"Glasgow Citizen":—

"He (Mr. Hodge) said he had been heart-sore at the COMPLIMENTS he received from discharged soldiers who were unable to get their pensions."

"Daily Sketch":—

"There was a big queue waiting quite early, and IN ORDER TO FACILITATE BUSINESS forms were distributed IN ORDER TO DELAY APPLICATION."

"Daily Nugget" (Cobalt, Ontario) (advertisement):—

"Widow wants position as housekeeper for PRIEST, OR FOR RESPECTABLE PEOPLE where there are not many children."

"Northampton Daily Echo":—

"——— ——— was summoned for ASSAULTING HIS WIFE on various dates . . . Three Wellingborough boys were summoned for A LIKE OFFENCE."

TOMMY AND JACK.

OUR PLEDGE: "No case of hardship or injustice, no instance of beggarly treatment or mean cheeseparing, shall go unchallenged and unremedied."—HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, *19th August*, 1916.

A Cry from Catterick.

"For God's sake, please try and improve things for us poor devils. We have just had a Medical Board, and they have passed cripples for 'B1.' Talk about Germans! They could not treat us worse! Some men desert; others are put in the Guard Room for trying 'on their own' to have things improved." But we know Catterick of old, and much fear that its case is hopeless.

Our Army Cadgers.

A man arrived at a London terminus, on his way to Belgium, a few mornings ago. The train being late, he went to the Transport Officers office for a Delay ticket. The man who issued the billet pretended he was doing a good turn, and observed "That's worth a drink, isn't it?" As the soldier concerned remarks to us, "I give a pal a drink any time, but I am damned if I give such a thing money for doing his work!" There is too much of this sort of cadging throughout the whole Service.

"Don't Write to JOHN BULL."

Our soldiers are warned on parade to bring their grievances to the C.O.s., and not write to JOHN BULL. A unit in Limerick were refused leave to see their C.O. in order to lay complaints before him, and as a result did not parade when ordered. Men were picked at random, and docketed as being leaders of a mutiny. The G.O.C.I.C. in Ireland should point out the unwisdom of such methods.

A Tip for Others.

Men of the Middlesex Regiment who call at Hounslow concerning their pay are gratified to find that they can while away the period of waiting by reading newspapers and periodicals supplied by the members of the staff. We trust that other offices will extend a similar privilege to their comrades.

For Lord Rothermere.

When the aircraft posted for the protection of London are called upon to go up into the sky, there is need for hurry. It would be well if the new Air Minister ascertained without delay at what centres gunner-observers are compelled to do guards and fatigues away from their machines. When an air-raid is on it should not be necessary for a pilot to run here and there, looking for his gunner-observer.

Barrack Damages.

Here is an official notice to all N.C.O.s. in charge of certain billets:—"When windows are broken it is to the benefit of your men that they are replaced *at once*, otherwise if the War Department Valuer makes an inspection and finds any damage to the property, you will immediately be charged therefor at a much higher price than you could personally get the damage done repaired for. All damaged venetian blinds are not to be used, but neatly fastened up with pieces of cord at each end." We congratulate the officer who issued the notice upon beginning to see things!

"Scrimshankers."

In a Southern Camp there is a battery of Artillery. Forty-six of the men were some time ago sent home from the tropics afflicted with fever or dysentery. They suffer from recurring attacks, and most of them have, therefore, been in hospital from time to time, between intervals of "very light duty." The other day, on parade, the O.C. asked the doctor if he could certify any man as able to carry on his training, and we are informed that the M.O's. reply was that "Not one was fit." The O.C. then turned to the men, and said: "You are a lot of skrimshankers, and you *will* do duty." Naturally, some of the poor fellows broke down physically under the strain.

"Little Things Left Behind."

Men of the East Lancs., in France, tell us that, after a spell in the trenches and on the line of march, some of them lost small articles—such as combs, mess-tin covers, shaving brushes, etc.—items which easily go astray during hurried movements. They were, however, crimed for these mishaps, fined five days' money, and compelled to pay for the things.

Examination by Imagination!

A man discharged with wounds was granted a temporary pension of 27s. 6d. a week. He was summoned before a Medical Board at Manchester recently, and told to go behind the screen and undress for examination. After fifteen minutes he was directed to re-dress, not having been examined. All the same he was ordered to find work, and his pension was reduced to 8s 3d. a week. What says the Minister of Pensions?

Unhappy Hastar.

Somebody at the Admiralty might inspect the R.N. Camp at Hastar which, we remember, was condemned as a Military Camp. The small tents are overcrowded by the men and their kits, and the conditions are anything but sanitary.

Courting Disaster.

The crew of a transport tell us that on a recent voyage they were given life-belts on the passage out. On the run home they were not so favoured, although the officers saw that they themselves were provided. The men felt rather nervy when they were called out to resist a submarine. Had they been torpedoed, they would not have had a dog's chance.

Fair Play for the R.N.R.

It is pointed out to us that the men of the Royal Naval Reserve, most of them merchant seamen of considerable standing, have substantial grievances against the Admiralty in regard to pay and general conditions of service. It is said, for instance, that as gunners on merchant ships these men receive less pay than similar ratings in the Roya Navy—which seems distinctly unfair.

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—"

(Registered under the Act of 1916 as "The John Bull War Sufferers' Fund.")

This Fund affords immediate relief to the dependents of soldiers and sailors stranded for want of money. Every farthing subscribed goes to some deserving person—we gladly defray all expenses.

Among the numerous cases we assisted during the week were the following:—

A Disabled Wife.

A sergeant, discharged from hospital, has a wife partially paralysed. Their child has, naturally, to be put out to nurse. The extra strain on the purse cannot be met by the Government allowance, so the soldier has already overdrawn his pay. We helped them as far as the means at our disposal would allow.

"On the Parish."

"Outdoor relief" is being doled to one of our discharged men, whose health permits of only irregular work. He has a wife and four children, and he asked for a grant from our Fund to "tide him over." We made it, sincerely hoping that his future will soon be made brighter—not by any charitable body, but by a national authority recognising his rightful claim upon the State.

A Pensions Case—

A war widow writes us that her appeal is turned down by the War Pensions Committee, although one of her three young sons is delicate, and is in need of extra nourishment and doctor's attendance. We acted, as on many other occasions, by giving assistance when the Committee had refused.

And Another.

A discharged soldier, physically unfit, applied—as he had a right to do—to the Committee. He was justified by the fact that he has a child ill in bed, and cannot pay the doctor's bill. He also was sent empty away; but he "wrote to JOHN BULL about it," and we helped the poor fellow

A Plucky Woman.

The former support of a little family was lost in the Persian Gulf last year. There is a young crippled boy at home, so we were glad to respond to the widow's appeal.

SUBSCRIPTIONS

Anon. (Fulham), 1s.; "S. Ealing Reader," 6d.; T. K. (U.S.A.), £1; Mrs. S. L., 1 dollar; H. B. (Pitsmoor). 2s. 6d.; "Yorick," 2s. 6d.; "A Mrs. B. (Bromley), £5; Nurse S., 2s. 6d.; "W.A.A.C.," 1s.; "A Poor Sailor's Wife," 1s.; A. C. S., 1s.; Pte. E. W., 5s.; F. J. L. (Swindon), 2s.; "A Soldier's Wife" (Oxford), 6d.; Mrs. F. (Essex), 1s. 6d.; C. H. U., 1s.; A. E. D. (Southsea), 2s. 6d.; "Two Working Girls" (Berkhampsted), 2s.; Pollard St. and Florida St. Night Patrol (Bethnal Green), £2; "283,318," 1s.; J. K., 2s.; K. M. (Kingswood), £1 1s.; "N." (Wolverhampton), 1s.; D. S. (Rhyl), 2s. 6d.; "Nemo," 5s.; F. G. R. W., 10s.; "Ivy Mary," 3s.; "A Brownhills Reader," 10s.; A. P., 2s 6d.; S. S., 4d.; H E. W., 5s.; I. M. J., 2s. 6d.; Mrs. W., 1s.; "Discharged Soldier," 6d.; "Punishment for Germany," 10s.; C. O., 6d.; G. A. L., £2 10s.; "Whitechurch," 2s. 6d.; W. M. L., £2; K. P., 2s.; H. W., £1 5s.; A. W. G., 6d.; D. W. and O., 2s. 6d.; I. R., 5s.; T. L., £1 1s.; E. C., 2s.; K. F., 14s.; A. J. R., 15s.; "Whiter Than Snow," 5s.; I. R., 2s. 2d.; "E. L. H.," 1s.; L. T., 2s. 6d.; V. G., 10s.; "Discharged R. E.," 1s. 6d.; "Little Johnnie," 8s.; J. N., £2 10s.; J. H. T., 1s. 6d.; L. J. S., 1s.; "A Visitor," 1s.; "Ex Sapper 22018," 2s. 6d.; "Nicosia," 10s.; R. M. D., 10s.; R. D., £3; J. P. M., £2; "Caledon," £1 10s.; "A Small Helper" (Grimsby), 1s.; J. B. D. and P. D., 5s.; "House," I. W. T., France, 7s. 6d.; "Waste Paper," 2s. 6d.; Mrs. J., 10s.; P. O., Box 3, Transvaal, £2; H. S., Devon, 5s.; "A Soldier's Mite," 6d.; J. G. S., 5s.; C. W. D., 2s.; F. E., 3s.; A. E. S., 12.; Mrs. A. K., £1; "Chelsea," 5s.; W., 2s. 6d.; "Canadian Petty Officer," 12s. 6d.; J. L., 1s.

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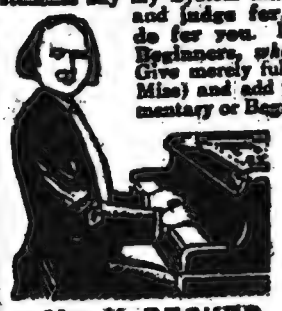

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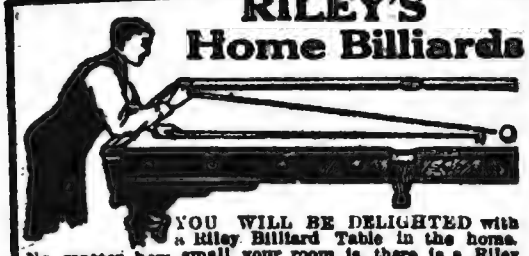

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[The EDITOR replies to, and chats with, some of his numerous correspondents.]

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MR. AND MRS. W. W. (Dulwich).—What a doleful card—"In memory of a Merry Christmas—Defunct 1918!" Get some New Year ones ready.

"DISGUSTED" (London).—You think our "mischievous optimism" is "bordering on sheer insanity," but at the same time you admit that our articles are "certainly cheering reading for a mother who has her sons in France." Well, set the one against the other.

M. F. (Bristol).—You have given us much hope, and we look forward with confidence to the coming year. Who knows?

J. H. W. (Bromley).—We note that, but for our "cheery weekly optimism," most of you would very soon be in the lunatic asylum. We must do our best to keep you out.

J. S. (U.S.A.).—We quite agree that greater publicity should be given to the heroic deeds of our brave lads. A "shake" to all the boys.

H. B. (Edenbridge).—So your Rector, the other Sunday, in opening his sermon quoted from one of our recent articles, and described us as "one of the best men perhaps the world has seen." No wonder the congregation felt inclined to applaud!

H. G. (Walton-on-Thames).—Our idea of a Business Government is a government run on business lines, which does not necessarily mean the transformation of the Government into a trading concern. The word "business" has a wider significance.

"A TRANSPORT WORKER" (Newhaven).—In view of the Halifax, N.S., disaster, we think six weeks' hard labour not one whit too severe a sentence to pass on transport workers found smoking while engaged in loading shells.

J. T. S. (Bath).—We have no reason to think that Freemasonry is hampering the prosecution of the war. Granting that international Freemasonry of the type you suggest exists, why should it operate only to the advantage of the Huns?

"ONE IN BLUE" (H.M.S. *Birch*) declares that the Rev. W. A. Powicke's statement in the Clayton West Parish Magazine—to the effect that "a mind fed on spicy pars and sensations from JOHN BULL and the Sunday papers, cannot appreciate a good book, lecture or sermon"—is nothing less than "a dirty, low-down insult to the intelligence of the boys in Khaki and Blue." The reverend gentleman is probably rattled because his own sermons fall flat.

PTE. G. W. R. (Liverpool).—Christianity is not the sole religion for which "all sufficiency" can be claimed. Mohammedanism is "all sufficient" for the Mohammedan, and Judaism for the Jew. Try again.

"DAUGHTER OF SOLDIER FIGHTING."—"Queen" Victoria Augusta has been asked to cease her visits to our wounded in hospital. This step was recommended by us some months back.

J. E. (St. Osyth).—The part caned by the schoolmaster was designed for that purpose, and every little boy (except Sir Joshua Reynolds's cherubs) gets it there. The cherubs escape because possessing only heads and wings.

W. G. B. (Leeds).—If we had a moustache during our recent visit to the Front, it must have been a false one.

"JOAN OF ARC."—"I like you because your good commonsense is thickly buttered." That's a gross charge of extravagance in these days.

"ENQUIRER." (Burnley).—"In the event of your sending a number of Christmas puddings to Russia, I would not mind sending money for a little one." Would rather send Russia a jar of Stickphast.

"PESSIMIST" (Dartford).—Sorry we have offended you by "acting the giddy prophet." However, we are not much impressed by your own dismal lamentations. Go and warm your feet.

R. F. W. (Wimbledon).—Don't misunderstand us. We have no objection to a peaceful and orderly social revolution on Business lines.

T. W. E. (Fulham).—We are not at all surprised to hear that you were "forcibly impressed" by our article. As a matter of fact, we believe several readers have cut it out and framed it.

W. J. B. (Norfolk).—"No doubt you run your paper for profit." Not with the present price of paper, believe us!

P. H. (Port Talbot).—"Japan cannot transport her Army to Europe." Are you sure?

"PUBLIC SCHOOL RANKER."—So you think Captain Dunkerly—late Mr. Dunkelsbühler—the right man for the post of Commandant of the prisoners interned in camp, do you? Sorry if we spelt his present name incorrectly, but we copied it from the Official Records.

"KATHLEEN."—"My love to Admiral Jellicoe, And our splendid boys in blue; And jolly good luck to Sir Douglas Haig, May God bless our Tommies too." Shake on it, Katie dear.

W. N. (Tunbridge Wells).—We have satisfied ourselves that S. Schneiders and Son, whose name you found in your son's hat, are an old Dutch family. So you must cheese it.

R. H. (Craven Arms).—Young Arthur Douglas, 15, for his third brave act, the rescue of a child from drowning, has received the Society's medal and some War Savings Certificates. Fine news for daddy at the front!

"WELSHMAN" (Guards).—We believe Mr. Lloyd George was born in Manchester, but he probably has no recollection of the incident.

G. G. (Mansfield).—After December 30th, you may deposit your sugar card with any grocer you please, and transfer it again if you are not fairly supplied with other goods.

M. L. (St. Fergus).—It by no means follows that a farmer's young son who is able to dance is also fit to fight. Perhaps he dances to warm his "cold feet."

"SCEPTIC" (N.).—Well, we had bad days and bad bungles in the Boer War—and still we won through.

"PRIVATE SOLDIER'S WIFE" (Hove).—Money and labour wasted by Ministry of Food on circulars, painting, leagues, and badges? Why, that's to teach us economy!

"A WOUNDED TOMMY" (Nottingham).—If you prefer Austrian music we can't help it, but it's a depraved taste.

"GIDDY GIRL" (Hampstead).—"Now that I have once written to you, I feel that I must continue doing so." Many of your letters will reduce us to the condition you own to.

"HUNSLET POET" (Leeds).—Glad to know that your verses have had "fluent sales." Many clever poets have had large impediments in their circulation.

"A FEW ROYAL ENGINEERS" (East Africa).—Cannot quite discover the point of your protest, but if it's a matter of "depriving women of their skirts and petticoats," the suggestion seems unseasonable, to say the least.

A. B. (Whitley Bay).—You are evidently suffering from a mild form of religious mania. Take more exercise.

"WAITING" (Jamaica).—You're as long winded as a bagpipes. Can't you say nothing in ewer than ten pages?

M. S. (Hornsey).—Your letter needs no apology. It is our privilege to hold a watching brief for all who are spending themselves in the service of the State.

L. G. (Orleans).—We much appreciate your compliments—coming as they do from a "French *poilu*," and note with pride that we are the *porte-voix* of the boys.

A. B. (Rosyth).—You are quite mistaken. Only three weeks ago the First Prize in our "Bullets" competition was won by a naval competitor.

"A FEW OF THE BYNG BOYS" (Eastleigh).—Your padre, Capt. Williams, must be gratified to know that his efforts to cheer up you boys after your recent scrimmage are so heartily appreciated.

J. H. S. (Camberwell, S.E.).—"The C.O.s have failed us in our hour of need, strip them of their birthright as Britons." That, so far as the vote is concerned, has been done. And we would not raise a hand in protest if you stripped them of their little short shirts into the bargain.

A. E. (Brighton).—Judging by your letter we should say Brighton air is too strong for you. Try the Hanwell district.

"TWO READERS" (Camberwell and Wolverhampton).—Some theatres are profiteering by charging a "booking fee" or for "extra early door," when you do not book, and are not extra early. Shun them.

"JOCK" (H.L.I.).—"Come to Viceregal Lodge, Dublin, and see the lads in khaki guarding any number of strapping flunkeys." Must ask Lord Wimborne to find his comb.

THE DICTOGRAPH TELEPHONES, LTD., who market for the sole licensee apparatus made for the General Acoustic Co. (Great Britain), desire to be dissociated entirely from Accousticons, Ltd., whom we recently criticised in a paragraph entitled "A Detained Deposit." We have pleasure in publishing the disclaimer.

S. K. L. (Manipur).—Many thanks, but we must postpone our researches into Hindu philosophy until after the war.

(Many replies are unavoidably held over.)

THE "JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL, *i.e., we hold ourselves responsible for their being of the quality and standard represented at the time of purchase and the date of payment, either in full or of first instalment, and if any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisement in our columns we will refund the purchase money provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase. All communications should be addressed to* JOHN BULL, *Advertisement Department, 92, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2.*

COMPANY MEETINGS.

SOUTH AMERICAN STORES (GATH AND CHAVES), LIMITED.

The annual general meeting of the South American Stores (Gath and Chaves), Ltd., was held on Thursday, the 20th inst., Baron F. A. d'Erlanger presiding. Dealing with the accounts, he said that creditors and credit balances showed an increase of £146,000, about half of which was accounted for by an increase in trading liabilities, and the balance by internal book entries not affecting their business. There was also a substantial increase in bills payable, due to the fact that they were obliged, owing to the war, to order and despatch their goods much further ahead than under normal conditions.

That necessity also accounted for the loan from bankers, an item which did not appear in the previous year's accounts. Another fresh item was that of mortgages—£137,000. Last year he had referred to their good fortune in acquiring certain plots of land, which they had considered indispensable to the future of their enterprise. Those lands had cost £339,296, of which £202,062 had been paid in cash, and the £137,000 represented mortgages on the properties in favour of the vendors, with the exception of a small mortgage already existing at the time of the purchase.

They had added £43,000 to the general reserve, now standing at £151,000, and they had in addition, an extraordinary reserve of £35,000. With respect to the current year, he was glad to say that so far they had had no reason whatever to complain of their trading since July 31.

The report was adopted.

MAPPIN AND WEBB (BRAZIL), LTD.

Mr. Walter J. Mappin, presiding at the meeting of Mappin and Webb (Brazil), Ltd., on Friday, the 21st inst., said that last year he was able to report that the result of the trading showed a distinct improvement upon the previous year. Again it was his pleasure to report that their past year's trading showed a still further improvement.

They had had a record year's trading in spite of the difficulties referred to at the previous meeting, which had increased during the past year. Their shipments to Brazil had been about double those of the previous year. The satisfactory state of business disclosed in the accounts was being maintained during the current year. They had not yet received a dividend on their investments in Mappin Stores (Brazil), Ltd., but the improvement in that company's position had continued, and they looked forward to a dividend in the not far distant future.

With regard to their stocks, which stood at £213,366, an increase of £20,217 as compared with a year ago, that increase was inevitable. The stock had been well chosen, and was worth the value placed upon it. Owing to shipping difficulties, a large amount of stock was always on the water, and therefore not available for display. He was pleased to say that the exchange between Brazil and this country during the period covered by the accounts under review had been steadily improving in their favour.

The report was adopted.

What About the Future?

The International Correspondence Schools have helped more men to successful futures than any other Institution in the world. I.C.S. training is simple, quick, and certain. At little cost it comes to you wherever you are, at home, or overseas, on board ship, in billets, hospital, or barracks, and follows you round wherever you go. Post this coupon NOW!

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, LTD.,

476, International Buildings, Kingsway, W.C. 2.

Please send me, without obligation on my part, your illustrated book describing the opportunities for gaining increased earnings in the occupation which I have marked X

—Mechanical Engineering	—Business Training
—Draughtsmanship	—Secretaryship
—Electrical Engineering	—Salesmanship
—Architecture & Building	—Advertising
—Marine Engineering	—Window Dressing
—Steam Engineering	—Motors & Gas Engines
—Civil Engineering	—Textile Manufacturing
—Motor-Driving	—Industrial Chemistry
—Coal & Metal Mining	—Carpentry & Joinery
—Agriculture	—Furniture-Making
—Poultry-Farming	—Carriage Building
—Fruit-Growing	—Wireless Telegraphy

NOTE.—If the Subject desired is not in the above List write it here:—

.....

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

DRAWS OUT the DISEASE.

BUY NATIONAL WAR BONDS.

GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT PENETRATES THE PORES AND SUCKS OUT THE POISONS WHICH CAUSE BOILS, PILES, ECZEMA, ULCERS, FISTULA, BUNIONS AND LEG DISEASE.

IT is unwise to try to heal an ulcer, boil, fistula or carbuncle while the poisons that cause it remain in the blood. If while these poisons are present the ulcer, boil, fistula, or carbuncle is healed or dried up, the poisons will break out elsewhere, or attack the liver, kidneys, or some other organ. Before an ulcer, boil, fistula or carbuncle is healed, the poisons must be drawn out, and nothing does this with such speed and effectiveness as **Grasshopper Ointment.** When **Grasshopper** has drawn the poisons out of the blood and tissue, the affected part heals up without any assistance whatever.

Grasshopper Ointment has been recognised for more than 50 years as an extraordinarily effective cure for boils, ulcers, fistula bunions, piles, and other maladies due to the presence in the blood of poisonous impurities. During this long period it has, in thousands of cases, rendered a surgical operation unnecessary, and in many thousands of other cases it has been used with the utmost benefit. No other medical preparation receives, or has received, so many testimonials as to its efficacy. We have received letters from every big or small town in the United Kingdom, written by persons who have employed **Grasshopper,** and been absolutely and permanently cured of blood poison maladies.

Grasshopper Ointment is certainly a "cure-all" as far as blood poison ailments are concerned, because by sucking out the poisons it acts as a certain, safe, and speedy cure for all these troubles.

During the cold weather **Grasshopper** will be found invaluable in drawing out the inflammation in cases of bronchitis, and of chilblains, neuralgia, or chapped hands.

Grasshopper Ointment contains nothing injurious, and is absolutely harmless.

Grasshopper Ointment may be had at Boots', Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White's, Civil Service Stores, Army and Navy Stores, Lewis and Burrow's, Bishop's, Heppell's, Harrod's, Parke's, Selfridge's, and other Stores and Chemists at 1s. 3d. a box, or direct, post free, from J. B. Albert, 73, Farringdon Street, E.C.4.

Send a Penny Stamp for a FREE SAMPLE.

BULLETS' FIRST PRIZE £250

2ND PRIZE £25 | **3RD PRIZE £10**

10 PRIZES OF £5	10 PRIZES OF £2:10/-	50 PRIZES OF 10/-	400 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	3,000 SPECIAL TARGET PRIZES

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS."—First choose any of the 32 examples given below. Then give TWO, THREE or FOUR words having some bearing on the example chosen. Any ONE of the words selected must begin with ANY letter in the example chosen. The other words selected can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These examples will guide you:—Example:—KEEPING HIS BALANCE. Bullet:—HABIT OF A MEAN. Example:—SOON FORGOTTEN. Bullet:—LESSONS AFTER SCHOOL. Competitors may send in Two BULLETS on one coupon for sixpence. If more coupons are used an entry fee at the rate of 6d. for each coupon must be sent. Result of this Competition will be found in our issue dated January 19th, 1918. This week's "Bullets" Coupons will also be found in EVERYWOMAN'S, dated December 29th.

LIST OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 267.

NEW YEAR'S WISH
BETTING ON
SHOOTING THE MOON
PEACE PRATTLE
SHORTAGE OF SUPPLIES
WIFE'S COOKING
THE WRONG WAY
LITTLE DEAR
FULL OF FIGHT
DIFFERENT GIRL
WITHOUT AN EQUAL
UNPATRIOTIC
UP TO SCRATCH
TRYING TO SING
A GOOD BEGINNING
OUR POLITICIANS
MAKING IT UP
PRINCIPAL BOY
RECEIVED WITH THANKS
SOON FORGOTTEN
TOMMY'S BEST FRIEND
MOST GIRLS LIKE
GOVERNMENT ORDERS
KEEPING HIS BALANCE
TEMPTING FATHER
WHAT A PAL
CAN'T BE DONE
IN THE QUEUE
SHOPPING
A SAFE INVESTMENT
GOOD FOR NOTHING
THE KAISER'S RESOLUTION

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3rd.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(267) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 2 coupon is used P.O. for 6d. must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

ENVELOPES SHOULD BE MARKED "BULLETS" No. 267, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2
Write "COMPETITION" in top left-hand corner of envelope.

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3rd.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(267) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 3 coupons are used P.O. for 1/- must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

Closing Date, Thursday, January 3rd.

No.____
Example_____
Bullet_____
Example_____
Bullet_____

(267) P.O. No._____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced below.
If 5 coupons are used P.O. for 1/6 must be sent.

Signed_____
Address_____

SPECIAL RULE. In order to afford our Military and Naval Competitors and others living in remote districts ample time to compete, we are allowing them special facilities. Below will be found twenty examples for Next Week's "Bullets" Competition No. 268. These can be used on the coupons above, and must reach these offices on or before THURSDAY, JANUARY 10th, 1918. Please note that all coupons so used MUST be clearly marked with the number 268 in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these coupons MUST be addressed "Bullets" No. 268, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Such coupons MUST NOT contain any of the thirty-two Examples for the present week's competition.

Selection of Examples for "Bullets" Competition No. 268.

BLOOMING CHEEK
SUGAR AND TEA
SOON REGRETTED
BEHIND THE COUNTER
NASTY CONCLUSION
FILLING THE BREACH
AFTER CHRISTMAS
ROOM TO LET
POOR SHOW
BOYS AND GIRLS
TAKING ACTION
DEAR TO TOMMY
HOME SWEET HOME
FATHER'S EXAMPLE
TRYING TO SAVE
BABY TALK
ALL BEHIND
NOT CONSIDERED ENOUGH
CALLING FOR ANOTHER
THE KAISER FEARS

BULLETS RULES. 1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the Judges, in connection with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The right to divide a prize or prizes among two or more competitors is reserved.

2. Bullets must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All these coupons may be used, but each coupon must be accompanied by a postal order for 6d. made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed _____ and Co.

Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Competitors sending more than one coupon may enclose one postal order for the full amount covering the number of their coupons. Coupons must not be detached in any manner.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned to their respective senders.

5. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

RESULT OF 264th "BULLETS" COMPETITION

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:

Mr. R. B. PARRY,
37, Higher Croft,
Barton, Manchester.

Example:—NOT SUFFICIENT.
Bullet:—UNLESS YOU LEND "YOURSELF."

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:

Mr. L. W. FEARN,
23, Arundel Street, Derby.

Example:—WHAT'S WANTED.
Bullet:—COATS OFF, THEN HATS.

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. N. E. McGUINNESS,
35, St. Paul's Road,
Kensington, London, S.E.

Example:—WHEN BABY ARRIVES.
Bullet:—HE'S "PUT BEFORE" EVERYBODY.

TEN PRIZES OF £5 EACH:

Mrs. E. QUANCE, 59, Alfred Road, Hastings:
NOT SUFFICIENT—KILLJOYS THINK TEN COMMANDMENTS.

Mr. E. MADGE, Studio, Morriston, Swansea:
GENERAL BYNG—FAMOUS AT A "BOUND."

Major J. C. POOLE, 503 Coy., A.S.C., Larkhill Camp, Wilts:
WHAT BOTTOMLEY WRITES—BREATHES "WAR ALS OVER."

S.-Sgt. J. SMITH, 69, Broadmead Road, Folkestone:
LITTLE MARY—ADJECTIVE VERY APPROPRIATE SOON.

Mr. J. B. D[illegible]N, 6, Waterloo Road, Leyton, London, E.:
WHAT GROCER SAYS—THE "OTHER THIRTY-NINE" AGREE.

Mr. P. J. BROOKS, 16, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London:
AFTER A DRINK—MORE TROUBLE THAN "BEFORE."

Mr. C. RANSOM, "Arigney," Osborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth:
NAUGHTY BOY—BUT STILL PARENTS "HOPEFUL."

Mr. T. SEPHTON, 50, Christ Church Street, Preston:
FIRST PRIZE—FEW WORDS "APPROPRIATE."

Mr. C. H. JAMES, 108, Sangley Road, Catford, London, S.E.:
THE HINDENBURG LINE—"GOES DOWN" WITH GERMANY.

Mr. J. WILSON, 337, Oldham Street, Dukinfield, Cheshire:
ON THE SPREE—HENPECK HAS ANOTHER LEMONADE.

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

Mr. A. PUTTOCK, 6, Nightingale Rd., Clapton, London, E.:
RICH AND POOR—SATURDAY NIGHT—MONDAY MORNING.

Miss K. M. BRADLEY, 58, St. Stephen's Road, Norwich:
GOOD HEALTH—ALL SOME ALLOTMENTS PRODUCED.

Mr. W. A. BREWSTER, 457, Sprowston Road, Norwich:
SURPRISE IN STORE—SUBMARINE LIST APPROACHING RESERVOIR.

Rgt.-Sgt.-Major J. A. ROLLINSON, 5, Carlton Terrace, Halifax, Yorks:
MANAGING WIFE—BUSYBODIES WHILST TOMMY'S AWAY.

Mr. J. MARTIN, Windsor Bakery, Belfast, Ireland:
NOT SUFFICIENT—TOMMY'S REWARD "FOR LIFE." (Sent in on a Free "Target" Prize Coupon.)

Mr. C. THOMPSON, "Cornwallis," Mossley, Congleton:
NEARING THE END—WHEN KAISER'S "GIVEN UP."

Mrs. L. WORRALL, 21, Wadham Road, Portsmouth:
WHAT GROCER SAYS—UNLIKELY TO "GO DOWN."

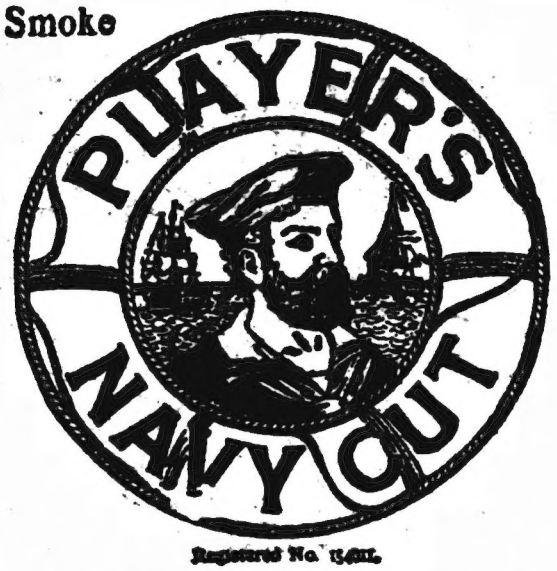
Mr. J. GEORGE, 4, Leslie Place, Newmains, N.B.:
NEARING THE END—DON'T "THROW AWAY" ANYTHING.

Mrs. G. A. ROGERS, Lime Grove, Cheadle, Cheshire:
WHAT'S WANTED—TREAT PROFITEER AS PICKPOCKET.

L.-Cpl. L. GAMAN, 203771, c.o Commandant, Upland Hall, Bungay:
SWEEPING VICTORY—TILL PRESIDENT EXPLAINS IT.

Complete List of All Such and other Prize Winners can be seen at the Offices of "John Bull."

Smoke



Registered No. 154II.

CIGARETTES

(Medium Strength)

10 for 4½D.

These Cigarettes are also supplied at Duty Free Rates for the purpose of gratuitous distribution to wounded Soldiers and Sailors in Hospital.

Terms and particulars on application to

JOHN PLAYER & SONS, Nottingham.

P600

Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland) Ltd.

OSRAM FOR STRENGTH

OSRAM

G.E.C.

LAMPS

ARE EXCLUSIVELY THE PRODUCT OF

BRITISH CAPITAL
BRITISH LABOUR
BRITISH MATERIAL

MADE ONLY AT

HAMMERSMITH, LONDON.

"JOHN BULL'S"

GREAT FREE WAR INSURANCE.

We are giving, absolutely **FREE OF CHARGE**, an insurance against ZEPPELIN and all other AIR RAIDS BOMBARDMENT INVASION, REBELLION or BLOCKADE. Anyone can be insured, irrespective of sex or age, but a separate coupon must be filled in for each person.

Remember, the Ordinary Fire and Accident Policies afford no protection whatever against war risks.

The full conditions governing this scheme will appear in JOHN BULL *from time to time.*

WHAT WE WILL PAY.

In respect of any registered reader (man, woman or child) who, whilst on land and in the British Isles, is killed or dies within 30 days of receiving injury from any of the events named.	£200
For the loss of two limbs or both eyes, or one eye and a limb	£200
For the loss of one limb or one eye	£100
For week for total temporary disablement for a period not exceeding 13 weeks	£3
Should his, or her, home become directly damaged (whether it be private residence or residence in connection with a shop) or should the contents be damaged, not exceeding	£350
Loss of one quarter's rent during rebuilding of damaged home, up to	£25
Medical fees for injuries not proving fatal, but incapacitating the injured person from following his or her usual employment for more than three days, up to	£10

ORDER FORM.

TO BE RETAINED BY NEWSAGENTS.

To..... Newsagent.

.....

Please deliver JOHN BULL to me regularly until further notice.

Signed.....

Address.....

Dec. 2[illegible], 1917.

You must also fill in the Registration Form, which will be found next to this, and post it to JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2 where your name and the name of your nominee will be duly registered.

A half-penny stamp should be forwarded if an acknowledgment of receipt of Coupon is desired.

REGISTRATION FORM.

Which must be posted to—
The INSURANCE DEPT., JOHN BULL, Long Acre, W.C.2

This is to notify that I have this day placed an order for the regular weekly supply of JOHN BULL with

.....Newsagent, of

.....

and desire you to register me as a regular subscriber under the terms of your Insurance Scheme.

In the event of my being injured or killed on land within the British Isles, or of my home or its contents being damaged, I hereby nominate to receive any payment due under this insurance, first myself, or in the event of my death—

Name of Nominee.....

Address .....

Signature of Insured .....
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)

Address of home .....

.....

Dec. 29, 1917.

£25 REWARD

WANTED, the Copies of "JOHN BULL" for Dec. 22, 1917, bearing on the Covers the numbers 175,246, 496,312, 897,478, 1,432,718 and 1,724,718. Any person possessing either of these copies will be paid the sum of £5. Apply, THE MANAGER, "JOHN BULL," 93, LONG ACRE, W.C.2.

Foster Clark's

You simply add water

2d Soups

LOMBIO.

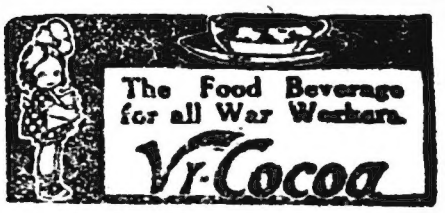
THE CERTAIN CURE FOR PILES.

The cures effected by Lombio Ointment are really wonderful. No case is too bad for this remarkable remedy. It succeeds even after doctors and all other treatments fail.

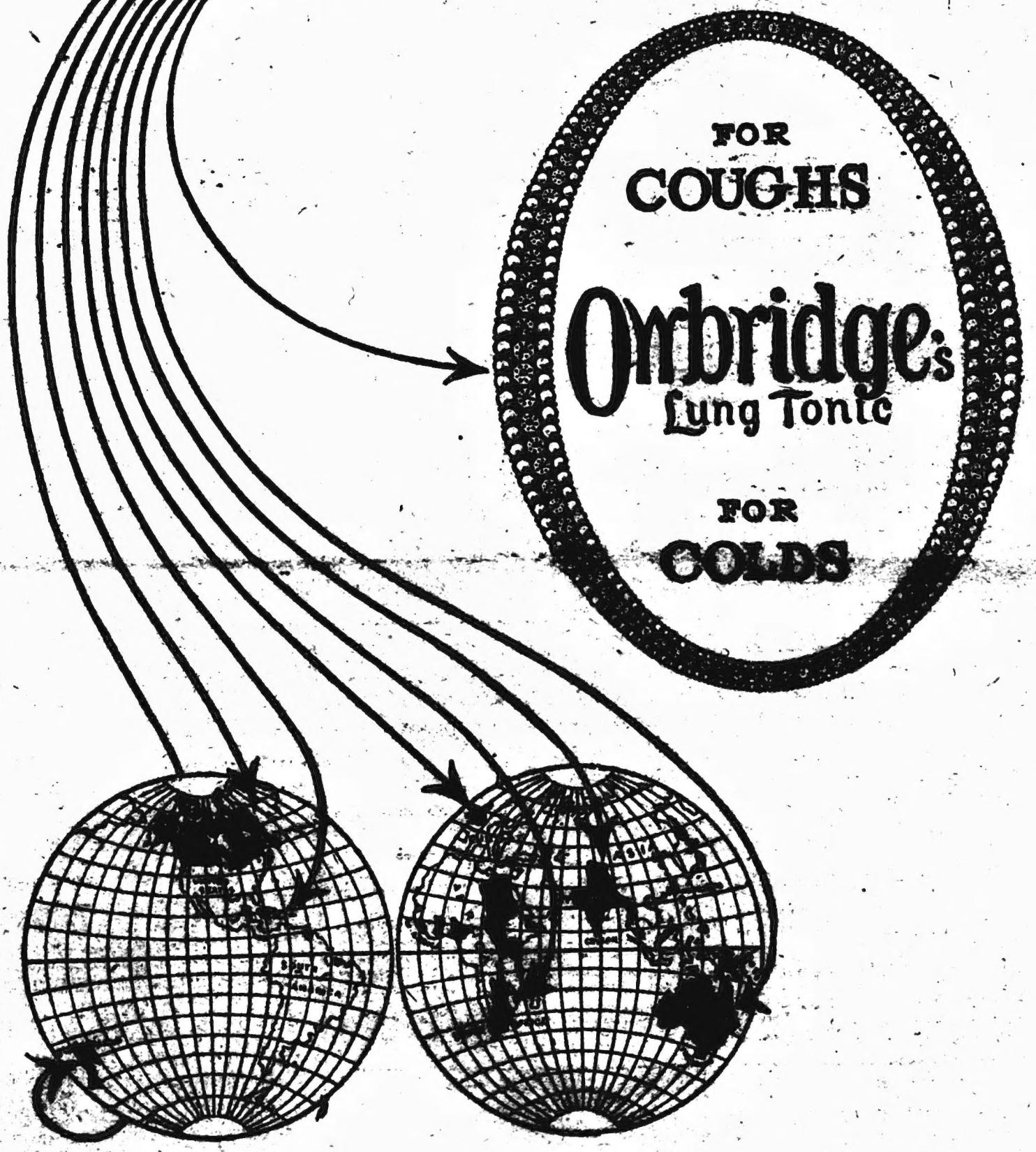
Of Chemists 1/3 and 2/9 per tube, or post free from J. B. LOMBIO Co., 15, New Street, Bishopsgate, London.

Send 1d. Stamp for postage for a

10-DAY FREE TRIAL TUBE



ALL BRITISH



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Printed and published for the Proprietors (JOHN BULL, LTD.), by ODHAMS LIMITED, 93 and 94, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Agents for the Colonies: Gordon and Gotch, Ltd., London, Australia, Canada, etc.; South Africa, Central News Agency, Ltd.; also Imperial News Co., Ltd.; Toronto News Co., Ltd., and Montreal News Co., Ltd., Canada.

All Editorial Communications must be addressed to the Editor at 93, Long Acre, W.C.2, and applications for Advertisement Space in "John Bull" must be made to Messrs ODHAMS LIMITED (Advertisement Department), 93-93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Telephone: Gerrard 9870 (seven lines).